THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

COLD WEATHER REMARKS.

BY ISRAEL ICICLE.

Whew! cold weather is upon us again. Hark! how the north wind is whistling through the casement. A merry rout is [illegible] to-night through the deserted streets—the hand-organ and the ballad singer have ceased their music—they durst not come in competition with the loud-roaring voice of old Boreas. To me there is music--right excellent music, in his strains --I love to hear him serenading, especially if there be an accompaniment of hail or rain pattering at the windows. In the morning, we shall see what clean work he has made of it in the streets, for the cold north wind performs a double office—the office of music-grinder and that of street-sweeper. If he excels in the former, so also in the latter does he surpass the whole *posse comitatus* of the city scavengers. No idler no humdrum drone is he—I wish I could say the same of the lazy fellows who are paid for pretending to do this work, but he on the contrary receives no pay, and yet sweeps away the least particle of dirt.

Blow on, then, thou blustering north wind, blow—thou shalt at least find one willing listener—one ever ready to respond to thy strains.

ALMANACS. We have now-a-days all sorts of Almanacs—Christian Almanacs, Comic Almanacs, Health Almanacs, Temperance Almanacs, Anti-Masonic Almanacs, Farmers' Almanacs, and Workingmen's Almanacs. If you would be wise, gentle reader, buy the first—if merry, the second—if healthful, the third, and so on till you get one exactly suited to your temperament. Then, too, if you would have the weather ever fair and the sun always bright, you can purchase one among the long list of Almanacs that will promise all this—I don't vouch that its promises will all be fulfilled. Be you of a melancholy disposition, our astronomers can serve you to a series of calculations marvellously adapted to your case—east winds and storms they will raise for your special comfort--thunder, hail and rain they will call down for your pleasure—I mean, of course, that they will do all this on paper. This is but one of the great improvements of the age—the golden age of knowledge—when our children speak wisdom at the infant schools, and our young men oracles at the lyceums.

WHISKERS. I have never been able to understand the reason of the violent tirades against whiskers. Just because a man chooses to let his hair grow out upon his face, he must be a mark, forsooth, for every newspaper scribbler to shoot his pellets at. No doubt many witty, very witty jokes are cracked upon this subject, but as for one good reason being given thereupon, I confess I have never seen it. There is no disputing about tastes, says the proverb, and every one knows the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of convincing his opponents of the truth of his own sentiments, in a question involving principles of taste. What one considers handsome, another thinks is the reverse—and this is invariably the result of the dispute on all subjects of taste—not even excepting that most interesting of all—female beauty. It would be words spent in vain, therefore, to attempt to prove to these scribblers, that a man looks handsomer with whiskers than without them. I shall merely give them a few reasons in favor of their utility. First then, they save a great deal of time, which otherwise must necessarily be spent in shaving—next they promote the comfort of the wearer by shielding his face, in winter, from the wind and cold—and last, not least, after they have answered many other useful purposes, they may be disposed of at a valuable price, at the upholsterers.

MODEST ASSURANCE. Nothing helps a man along in the world more than what is called modest assurance. It is not he who knows the most or is most skilful in any particular trade that passes for the wisest and most skilful man, but it is he who succeeds best in imposing upon others the belief that he is such. You may call this quackery, or by whatever other name you choose to give it, but after all, it is, in nine cases out of ten, the true secret of success. Look around you. Here is one—a physician or an apothecary—who puffs himself and his nostrums, so that you would suppose there was no other person in the world whose advice or prescriptions are worth following. He blazons forth the wonderful cures he has performed—tells you of the thousands he has snatched from the jaws of death—mind you, he says nothing about the thousands he has sent there—gives you their names, the particulars of their several cases and all other facts connected with the subject. You, perhaps, may not be gulled by the fellow's consummate effrontery—you may be able to see through the thin veil which hides his false pretensions—but others, many others, cannot see, or seeing, are still credulous and willingly imposed upon; and thus by these arts, these little but reiterated tricks of trade, the fellow goes on till he has made a fortune, while the man of modest merit, and unassuming character, who disdains to imitate this example, grows grey in the midst of poverty and neglect. One would almost incline to the belief that three things are necessary to success in life,—Impudence—impudence—impudence.

DANCING. Every nation has its dance of one kind or another—so that its universality proves that it is a natural recreation. It is indeed, the best exercise for the limbs, and is on this account highly reccommended by physicians. It has this additional advantage, too, as practiced in civilized society—it promotes social intercourse between the two sexes—refines and softens the manners of the one, and gives ease and confidence to the deportment of the other. Yet, noting these advantages, dancing by some is highly censured. They object to it as a misapplication of time, and as calculated to divert the attention from objects of higher importance. True, we ought not to let any pleasure occupy too much of our time or attention, but that youth needs some amusement, no person of age, when he calls to remembrance his own days of childhood, will deny. And what amusement is there more innocent and rational than that of dancing? It is innocent, as it transgresses no possible rule, either human or divine, and rational, as it tends to improve the person, the heart and the manners. Away, then, with all croaking and canting, upon so delightful an amusement. Let us turn a deaf ear to those [illegible], who would fain persuade us that to laugh is a sin, and to dance a crime. Hear the advice of an old poet on this subject—

> While the fiddle can play,
> We'll foot it away,
> And the aged look on and remember the day,
> When they and their lasses were equally gay.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE DUNDERBERG.

A noble eminence in Rockland County, on the North River.

Hail! thou great Mountain-form, that rear'st sublime,
Thy tow'ring peak above the Hudson's tide!
Ages have scathed thee not, nor lightnings rent,
Nor storms, nor whirlwinds reft thee of thy plume.
Throned on the rock, with verdure ever crowned,
Thou art the noblest of those lofty heights
That skirt the vision of the River's wave.
Thy title, given by the noble race
Of men pre-eminent, from whom we sprung,
Gains veneration for thy mighty form,
And ranks thee headmost of thy high compeers.
Thine is the style, proclaimed by holy writ--
For thou art sure, an "everlasting hill."
Awe struck, we view thee, and abashed, we muse
Our own significance, that's less than nought.
And yet, bold Mountain,—awful, and sublime,—
E'en *thou* shalt tremble when the world's on fire.
Annihilation waits thee at time's end,
When mountains scatter, and the earth consumes!

CLARENCE.

For the Constellation.

"Would he were fatter."——

Previously to the meeting of the Anti-Tariff Convention at Philadelphia, many apprehensions were entertained that some disturbance or interruption of its harmony, would inevitably occur. And after its adjournment, much credit and praise were allowed to those influential men, who with great precaution and difficulty were ennabled to preserve its good feeling, avoid all angry discussion, and prevent the dreaded explosion. On the other hand, in the Convention favorable to the Tariff which lately met in New-York, although composed of a very large number of men, collected from different sections of the country, guided by different motives, and pursuing opposite interests; and, although efforts appear to have been made to excite opposition, to bring into new life the divisions, prejudices, and passions which lately existed, and to throw in the firebrand of discord; nothing could effectually disturb the determined spirit of calmness, good feeling, and forbearance, which, with few exceptions, was found to pervade the whole assembly.

These curious circumstances have been accounted for by various persons, in various ways. One attributed them to climate. Another to the character and objects of the different Conventions. But a fact, recently divulged, appears to afford a satisfactory explanation. It is stated that the Philadelphia Convention was almost uniformly composed of lean, gaunt, meagre persons, bearing their grievances in their countenances, and either proving their wrongs by their pitiable condition, or showing by their wasted forms how much they had fretted at imaginary evils. On the contrary, the New-York Convention was filled with fat, plump, well favored men, content with things as they are, and showing, beyond a question, the benefits of the tariff, the prosperous state of the country, and the happy condition of its inhabitants, by their own smiling features, rotundity of person, and show of enjoyment.

The full-fed man, who thus enjoys himself, is greatly to be envied. He appears so well, so contented, and so happy—his countenance so full of pleasure, so free from care, so formed for mirth. Nothing can disturb him. His mind is buried too deep in ease and fruition to be annoyed by trifling subjects. He will exert himself to obtain emolument or a desired end, if there be a fair prospect of full repayment for all his trouble—but otherwise, he will rarely abandon his present happiness and quiet for a remote and doubtful addition to his desires. In society, as he is always willing to please, and always willing to be pleased, he is always pleasing. His company is ever agreeable—unless from excess of gratification, it be too dull; and his path is easy [illegible] is not pursued. In the senate, when he speaks, which is but seldom, he receives the greatest attention. All acknowledge that he could not be called upon the floor but by something of the first importance. As intrigue for him would be too labourous, he has the credit of being honest. He can have no enemies. He may meet with opposition; but he will either conciliate and disarm it all together, [illegible] effects by his pleasantry and good humor. In the pulpit, he labours not to deliver learned discourses; but he pleases the eye, diverts the imagination, wins the heart, and thus more frequently attains his object. He becomes a popular preacher, procures a liberal and social congregation, and receives of course a full remuneration for his efforts. At the bar he gains the good will of the witnesses, the court, and the jury; and not least, of his clients. He succeeds, where his cause will warrant it, without extraordinary exertion; and when he loses, bears his defeat with the greatest composure. He makes the best of doctors in cases that are not so urgent as to demand an instant attendance. He takes time to deliberate and acts advisedly. He is never flurried by excitement. His opinions are delivered with the utmost caution and gravity. Their weight is judged from his appearance. In short, wherever you place him, the happy and contented man, is calculated to be of service to his fellow-beings, and resolves to enjoy his station.

But the poor miserable starvling, what can he do? He is never at his ease, never contented, never happy. Look at him! *Can* he be happy. He may be courageous—but he looks as though he might be frightened at his shadow, if he should discover it. He may be sociable and good natured—but his very countenance denies it, and marks him, ill-humored, selfish and testy; every action is tremulous with impatience—every movement of a muscle appears fretful. He may possess talents—but what do they avail him. They take him no easier through life and they make him no happier. He is discontented and then ambitious. He will stop at no obstacle to accomplish his purpose: but seldom attains it. As a legislator, a divine, a jurist, or a physician, he may be more learned, more pious, more ingenious, or more active than the other; but it is not often that he is more successful. Whether his uneasiness makes him poor, or his leanness makes him uneasy, is a question. Let him read the Constellation, "laugh, and grow fat."

M. C.

A new article of table luxury is now brought into our market by the American Fur Company, who last week put up for sale ten cases *Buffalo Tongues*, of ten dozen each, "in prime order." These tongues (said the advertisement) are from the Yellow Stone River, of the Missouri, in the immediate vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, where the finest Buffaloes are found. They have been carefully preserved, and are recently received from that country. They will be found a very superior article

The Ladder of Benevolence—In a publication that appeared a few years since, says the New-York Advocate, but to which the attention of the public has been little attracted, we have perused some exquisite sketches of ancient Jewish law.—The work to which we allude is entitled "Hebrew Tales," selected and translated from the writings of the ancient Hebrew Sages, &c. by Hyman Harwitz, author of Vindicia Hebraicæ. We select one specimen, "The Ladder of Benevolence," comprising the spirit of the precept, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

"There are eight degrees or steps, says Maimonides, in the duty of charity.

The first and lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the hand, but not of the heart.

The second is to give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer.

The third is, to give cheerfully, and proportionably, but not until we are solicited.

The fourth is, to give cheerfully, proportionably, and even unsolicited: but to put it in the poor man's hand; thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame.

The fifth is, to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty, and know their benefactor, without their being known to him. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors, who used to tie up money in the hind corners of their cloaks, that the poor might take it unperceived.

The sixth, which rises still higher, is to know the objects of our bounty, but remain unknown to them. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors who used to convey their charitable gifts into poor people's dwellings; taking care that their own persons and names should remain unknown.

The seventh, is still more meritorious, namely, to bestow charity in such a way, that the benefactor may not know the relieved objects, nor they the name of their benefacter, as was done by our charitable forefathers during the existence of the Temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the Chamber of Silence or Inostentation; wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested; and from which the most respectable poor families were maintained with equal secrecy.*

Lastly, the eighth and the most meritorious of all, is to anticipate charity, by preventing poverty—namely, to assist the reduced brother, either by a considerable gift, or a loan of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding up his hands for charity.—And to this scripture alludes, when it says: "And if thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt support him: yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner; that he may live with thee." Lev. xxv. 35. This is the highest step and the sumit of charity's golden ladder."

* Hence, probably, the origin of charity boxes.

Lee Sugg, the Ventriloquist.*—This well known and eccentric character expired at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, on Tuesday last. He had been performing at Portsmouth on the Thursday previous.—The life of this individual was one amid the many instances of vicissitudes that life (and above all, theatrical life) exhibits. He was originally a man of property, and many years since was candidate for the honors of Parliament for Carmarthen: he lost the election after expending 9000*l.* in the contest. In his early years he had known one Honeywood, a ventriloquist (the exercise of whose powers cost Britton, the small coalman, his life.) To this acquaintance is to be attributed Mr. L. Sugg's exercising his mimical powers. What he originally employed as a source of amusement to his friends, he ultimately practised as a means of existence for himself and family. About forty years ago he was as celebrated as Alexander in our own time. Mr. S's popularity was of considerable continuance, and for many years his powers enabled him to keep his carriage, and live in luxury. At length younger rivals, and changing taste, reduced the once "great mimic" to comparative poverty. In his declining days he had the pleasure of seeing his family around him, and, amid all his privations, he found means to keep at least a "cleanly and cheerful hearth." He was a member of almost every convivial party in London, and a welcome visiter at all. He was a hardy and courageous man, and, at the age of seventy-five, when a low fellow named Cogan spoke lightly of one of his children, he seized the brawny culprit with one hand, and with the other administered such punishment that the poltroon roared for mercy. Poor Lee Sugg was buried by some brother Freemasons at Newport, who had also cheered his declining hours by their kindness. He was 79 years of age, and had passed a life of excitement and labor.—*Eng. pap.*

* Father of Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Hackett.

MISCELLANY.

THE FREED BIRD.
By Mrs. Hemans.

Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Thou art come and gone!

As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left here, alone!

SHELLEY.

Return, return, my Bird!
I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free, I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me, the blue bright sky!

The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer.
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas, my Bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wer't thou not blest in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
—Oh! hadst thou known its deep meaning well!
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!

From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang:
And its dying fall, when it sooth'd thee best,
Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my Bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and breeze,
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely play,
And the odours that wander afar, away!"

Farewell, farewell, then, Bird!
I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy'd like thee to part,
Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though Love might guard them, they joy'd to be free!
They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven!
Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am Earth's no more!"

From the Diary of a Physician.

MOTHER AND SON.
(Continued.)

'A FORTUNE sum!' the steward muttered. He wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and dashed out the tears from his half-blinded eyes, and resumed his perusal of the letter, which shook in his hands. No one spoke a syllable; and when he had finished reading, he laid down the letter in silence. Mrs. Beauchamp sate leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed. She murmured something which the straining ear of the steward could not catch.

'What was my lady saying, miss?' he enquired. Miss Beauchamp shook her head, without speaking, or removing her handkerchief from her face.

'Well, God's holy will be done!' exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, feebly, tasting a little brandy and water; 'but I'm afraid my poor Henry—and all of us—are ruined!'

'God grant not, my lady! Oh, don't—don't say so, my lady!' sobbed the steward, dropping involuntarily upon his knees, and elevating his clasped hands upwards.—'Tis true, my lady,' he continued. 'Master Henry—for I can't help calling him so—has been a little wild in London—but *all* is not yet gone—oh no, ma'am, no!'

'You must, of course, have known all along of his doings—you *must*, Pritchard!' said Mrs. Beachamp, in a low tone.

'Why, yes, my lady, I have—but I've gone down on my knees every blessed night, and prayed that I might find a way of letting you know'——

'*Why* could you not have told me?' enquired Mrs. Beauchamp, looking keenly at the steward.

'Because, my lady, I was his steward, and bound to keep his confidence. He would have discharged me the moment I had opened my lips.

Mrs. Beauchamp made no reply. She saw the worthy man's delimma, and doubted not his integrity, though she had entertained momentarily a suspicion of his guilty acquiescence.

'Have you ever heard, Pritchard, how the money has gone in London?'

'Never a breath, my lady, that I could rely on.'

'What have you *heard*?—That he frequents gaming-houses?' enquired Mrs. Beauchamp, her features whitening as she went on. The steward shook his head. There was another mournful pause.

'Now, Pritchard,' said Mrs. Beauchamp, with an effort to muster up all her calmness—'tell me, as in the sight of God, how much money has my son made away with since he left?'

The steward paused and hesitated.

'I must not be trifled with, Pritchard,' continued Mrs. Beauchamp, solemnly, and with increasing agitation. The steward seemed calculating a moment.

'Why, my lady, if I must be plain, I'm afraid that twenty thousand pounds would not cover'——

'TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS!' screamed Miss Beauchamp, springing out of her chair wildly; but her attention was in an instant absorbed by her aunt, who, on hearing the sum named by the steward, after moving her fingers for a moment or two, as if she were trying to speak, suddenly fell back in her seat and swooned.

To describe the scenes of consternation and despair which ensued, would be impossible. Mrs. Beauchamp's feelings were several times urging her on the very borders of madness; and Miss Beauchamp looked the image of speechless, breathless horror. At length, however, Mrs. Beauchamp succeeded in overcoming her feeling—for she was a woman of unusual strength of mind—and instantly addressed herself to meet the naked horrors of the case, and see if it were possible to discover or apply a remedy. After a day's anxious thought, and the *show* of a consultation with her distracted niece, she decided on the line of operations she intended to pursue.

To return however, to her son. Things went on as might be supposed from the situation in which we left him—worse and worse. Poor Beauchamp's life might justly be said to be a perpetual frenzy—passed in alternate paroxysms of remorse, despair, rage, fear, and all the other baleful passions that can tear and distract the human soul. He had become stupified, and could not fully comprehend the enormous ruin which he had precipitated upon himself—crushing at once 'mind, body, and estate.' His motions seemed actuated by a species of diabolical influence. He saw the nest of hornets which he had lit upon, yet would not forsake the spot! Alas, Beauchamp was not the first who has felt the fatal *fascination* of play, the utter obliviousness of consequences it induces! The demons who fluttered about him, no longer thought of masking themselves, but stood boldly in all their naked hideousness before him. For weeks together he had one continual run of bad luck, yet still he lived and gambled on, from week to week, from day to day, from hour to hour, in the delusive hope of recovering himself. His heart was paralyzed—its feelings all smothered beneath the perpetual pressure of a gamester's anxieties. It is not, therefore, difficult for the reader to conceive the case with which he dismissed the less and less frequently intruding images—the pale, reproachful faces—of his mother and cousin!

Sir Edward Streighton, the most consummate tactician, sure, that ever breathed, had won thousands from Beauchamp, without affording him a tangible opportunity of breaking with him. On the contrary the more Beauchamp became involved—the deeper he sunk into the whirlpool of destruction—the closer he clung to Sir Edward; as if clinging to the devil, in hell, would save one from its fires! The wily baronet had contrived to make himself in a manner, indispensable to Beauchamp. It was Sir Edward, who taught him the quickest way of turning lands into cash: Sir Edward, who familiarized him with the correctest principles of betting and handling the dice: Sir Edward, who put him in the way of evading and defying his minor creditors; Sir Edward, who feasted and feted him out of his bitter ennui and thoughts of ——shire: Sir Edward, who lent him hundreds at a moment's warning, and gave him the longest credit!

Is it really conceivable that Beauchamp could not see through the plausible scoundrel? enquires perhaps a reader. No, he did not—till the plot began to develope itself in the latter acts of the tragedy! And even when he did, he still went on—and on—trusting that in time he should outwit the subtle devil. Though he was a little shocked at finding himself so easily capable of such a thing, he resolved at last, in the forlorn hope of retrieving his circumstances, to meet *fraud with fraud*. A delusion not uncommon among the desperate victims of gambling, is the notion that they have suddenly hit on some trick by which they must infallibly win. This is the *ignis fatuus* which often lights them to the fatal verge. Such a crotchet had latterly been flitting through the fancy of Beauchamp; and one night—or rather morning—after revolving the scheme over and over again in his racked brain, he started out of bed, struck a light, seized a pack of cards, and, shivering with cold—for it was winter—sate calculating and manœuvering with them till he had satisfied himself of the accuracy of his plan: when he threw them down, blew out his candle, and leaped into bed again, in a fit of guilty ecstacy. The more he turned the project in his mind, the more and more feasible did it appear. He resolved to intrust no one breathing with his secret. Confident of success, and that with but little effort he had it in his power *to break the bank* whenever, and as often as he pleased—he determined to put his plan into execution in a day or two, on a large scale; stake every penny he could possibly scrape together, and win triumphantly. He instantly set about procuring the requisite funds. His attorney—a gambler himself, whom he had latterly picked up, at the instance of Hillier, as a 'monstrously convenient fellow,' soon contrived to cash his I. O. U.'s to the amount of L.5000, on discovering that he had still available property in ——shire, which he learnt at a confidential interview with the solicitor in Furnival's Inn, who was negotiating the loan of L.20,000 from Lady Gripe.* He returned to make the hazardous experiment on the evening of the day on which he received the L.5000 from his attorney. On the morning of that day he was, further, to hear from his steward in the country respecting the mortgage of his last and best property.

'That was a memorable—a terrible day to Beauchamp. It *began* with doubt—suspense—disappointment; for, after awaiting the call of the postman, shaking with agitation, he caught a glimpse of his red jacket *passing* by his door—on the other side of the street. Almost frantic, he threw up the window, and called out to him—but the man had 'none to day.' Beauchamp threw himself on his sofa, in agony unutterable. It was the first time that old Pritchard had ever neglected to return an answer by return of post, when never so slightly requested. A thousand fears assailed him. Had his letter miscarried? Was Pritchard ill, dying—or dead? Had he been frightened into a disclosure to Mrs. Beauchamp? And did his MOTHER, at length—did ELLEN—know his dreadful doings? The thought was too frightful to dwell upon! —Thoroughly unnerved, he flew to *brandy*—fiery fiend, lighting up in the brain the flames of madness! —He scarce knew how to rest during the interval between breakfast and dinner; for at seven o'clock, he, together with the rest of the infernal crew, were to dine with Apsley. There was to be a strong muster; for one of the *decoys* had entrapped a wealthy simpleton who was to make his 'first appearance' that evening. After walking for an hour, to and fro, he set out to call upon me. He was at my house by twelve o'clock. During his stay in town, I had frequently received him in quality of a patient, for trifling fits of indisposition, and low spirits. I had looked upon him merely as a fashionable young fellow, who was 'upon town,' doing his best to earn a little notoriety, such as was sought after by most young men of *spirit*—and fortune!—I also had been able to gather from what he let fall at several interviews, that the uneven spirits he enjoyed, were owing to his gambling propensities: that his excitement or depression alternated with the good or ill luck he had at play. I felt interest in him; for there was about him an air of ingenuousness and straight-forwardness, which captivated every one who spoke with him. His manners had all the ease and blandness of the finished gentleman; and when last I saw him, which was about two months before, he appeared in good health and cheerful spirits—a very fine, if not strictly handsome man. But *now* when he stood before me, wasted in person, and haggard in feature—full of irritability and petulance—I could scarce believe him the same man!—I was going to ask him some question or other, when he hastily interrupted me, by extending towards me his two hands, which shook almost like those of a man in the palsy, exclaiming—'This—*this*, Doctor, is what I have come about. Can you cure THIS—by six o'clock to-day?' There was a wildness in his manner, which led me to suspect that his intellect was disordered. He hurried on before I had time to get in a word—'If you cannot steady my nerves for a few hours, I am——' he suddenly paused, and with some confusion repeated his question. The extravagant impetuosity of his gestures, and his whole demeanor alarmed me.

'Mr. Beauchamp,' said I seriously, 'it is now two months since you honored me with a visit; and your appearance since then is wofully changed. Permit me, as a respectful friend, to ask whether——?' He rose abruptly from his seat, and in a tone bordering on insult, replied, 'Dr. ——, I came not to gratify curiosity, but to receive your advice on the state of my health. If you are not disposed to afford it me, I am intruding.'

'You mistake me, Mr. Beauchamp, I replied, calmly, 'motives, and all. I do not wish to pry into your affairs. I desired only to ascertain whether or not your mind was at ease.' While I was speaking he seemed boiling over with suppressed irritability; and when I had done, he took his hat and stick, flung a guinea on my desk, and before I could recover from the astonishment his extraordinary behaviour occasioned me, strode out of the room.

How he contrived to pass the day he never knew; but about five o'clock he retired to his dressing-room to prepare for dinner.† His agitation had reached such a height, that after several ineffectual attempts to shave himself, he was compelled to send for some one to perform that operation for him. When the duties of the dressing-room were completed, he returned to his sitting-room, took from his escrutoire the doomed bank notes for L.5000, and placed them in his pocket-book. A dense film floated before his eyes, when he attempted to look over the respective amounts of the bills, to see that all was correct. He then seized a pack of cards, and tried over and over again to test the accuracy of his calculations. He laid them aside, when he had satisfied himself—locked his door, opened his desk, and took out pen and paper. He then with his penknife pricked the point of one of his fingers, filled his pen with the blood issuing from it, and wrote in letters of blood a solemn oath, that if he were but successful that evening in 'winning back his own,' he would forsake cards and dice forever, and never again be found within the precincts of a gaming-house to the latest hour of his life. I have seen that singular and affecting document. The letters, especially those forming the signature, are more like the tremulous hand-writing of a man of eighty than of one but twenty-one! Perceiving that he was late, he hurriedly affixed a black seal to his signature,—once more ran his eyes over the doomed L.5000, and sallied out to dinner.

When he reached Mr. Apsley's, he found all the company assembled, apparently in high spirits, and all eager for dinner. You would not have thought of the black hearts that beat beneath such gay and pleasing exteriors as were collected around Apsley's table! Not a syllable of allusion was made during dinner time to the subject which filled every one's thoughts—play. As if by mutual consent, that seemed the only interdicted topic; but as soon as dinner and dessert, both of them first rate, were over, a perfectly-understood *pause* took place; and Beauchamp, who, with the aid of frequent draughts of champaigne, had worked himself up to the proper pitch, was the first to propose, with eagerness, the fatal adjournment to the gaming table. Every one rose in an instant from his seat, as if by appointed signal, and in less than five minutes' time they were all, with closed doors, seated around the tables.

'Here piles of cards, and there the damned dice.'

They opened with hazard. Beauchamp was the first who threw, and he lost; but as the stake was comparatively trifling, he neither was, nor appeared to be, annoyed. He was saving himself for Rouge et Noir!—The rest of the company proceeded with the game, and got gradually into deeper play, till at length heavy betting was begun. Beauchamp, who declined joining them, sat watching with peculiar feelings of mingled sympathy and contempt the poor fellow whom the gang was 'pigeoning.' How painfully it reminded him of his own initiation! A throng of bitter recollections crowded irresistibly through his mind, and he sate for a while with leisure for contemplation. The silence that was maintained was broken only by the rattling of the dice-box, and an occasional whisper when the dice were thrown.

The room in which they were sitting was furnished with splendour and elegance. The walls were entirely concealed beneath valuable pictures, in massive and tasteful frames, the gilding of which glistened with a peculiarly rich effect beneath the light of a noble or-molu lamp, suspended from the ceiling. Ample curtains of yellow-flowered satin, drawn closely together, concealed the three windows with their rich draperies; and a few Gothic fashioned book-cases, well filled, were stationed near the corners of the room, with rare specimens of Italian statuary placed upon them. The furniture was all of the most fashionable and elegant patterns; and as the trained eye of Beauchamp scanned it over, and marked the correct taste with which every thing was disposed, the thought forced itself upon him—'how many have been beggared to pay for all this!' His heart fluttered. He gazed on the flushed features, the eager eyes, the agitated gestures of those who sat at the table. Directly opposite was Sir Edward Streighton, looking attentively at the caster—his fine expansive forehead bordered with slight streaks of black hair, and his large lustrous eyes glancing like lightning from the thrower to the dice, and from the dice to the betters. His features, regular, and once even handsome, bore now the deep traces of long and harrowing anxiety. 'O that one,' thought Beauchamp, 'so capable of better things, bearing on his brow nature's signet of superiority, should have sunk into—*a swindler!*' While these thoughts were passing through his mind, Sir Edward suddenly looked up, and his eyes settled for an instant on Beauchamp. Their expression almost withered him! He thought he was gazing on 'the dark and guilty one' who had coldly led him up to ruin's brink, and was waiting to precipitate him. His thoughts then wandered away to long banished scenes—his aged mother, his ruined, forsaken Ellen, both of whom he was beggaring, and breaking their hearts. A mist seemed diffused through the room, his brain reeled; his long stunned heart revived for a moment, and smote him heavily. 'O that I had but an opportunity, never so slight an opportunity,' he thought, 'of breaking from this horrid enthralment, at *any* cost!' He started from his painful reverie, and stepped to a side-table on which a large bowl of champaigne-punch had just been placed, and sought solace in its intoxicating fumes. He resumed his seat at the table; and he had looked on scarcely a few minutes, before he felt a sudden, unaccountable impulse to join in at hazard. He saw Apsley placing in his pocket-book some bank notes, which he had that moment received from the poor victim before spoken of—and instantly betted with him heavily on the next throw. Apsley, somewhat surprised, but not ruffled, immediately took him; the dice were thrown—and to his own astonishment, and that of all present, Beauchamp won L300—actually, *bona fide*, won L.300 from Apsley, who for once was off his guard! The loser was nettled, and could with difficulty conceal his chagrin; but he had seen, while Beauchamp was in the act of opening his pocket-book, the amount of one or two of his largest bills, and his passion subsided.

At length his hour arrived. Rouge et Noir followed hazard, and Beauchamp's pulse quickened. When it came to his turn, he took out his pocket-book and coolly laid down stakes which aimed at the bank. Not a word was spoken; but looks of wonder and doubt glanced darkly around the table. What was the fancied manœuvre which Beauchamp now proceeded

* It is my intention on a future occasion, to publish some account of the extraordinary means by which this old woman amassed a splendid fortune. She was an inveterate swindler at cards; and so successful, that from her gains at ordinary play, she drew a capital with which she traded in the manner mentioned above.

† Mr. Beauchamp had removed from his hotel into private lodgings near Pall Mall, about a month before the above-mentioned visit to me.

to practice I know not, for, thank God, I am ignorant —except on hearsay—of both the principles and practice of gaming. The eagle-eye of Apsley, the *tailler*, was on Beauchamp's every movement. He tried—he LOST, *half* his large stake! He pressed his hand upon his forehead—he saw that every thing depended on his calmness. The voice of Apsley sounded indistinctly in his ears, calling out. '*un refait trente et un!*' Beauchamp suffered his stakes to remain, and be determined by the next event. He still had confidence in his scheme; but alas! the bubble at length burst, and Beauchamp in a trice found himself minus, L.3000. All hope was now over, for his trick was clearly worth nothing, and he had lost every earthly opportunity of recovering himself. YET HE WENT ON—and on—and on;—and on ran the losing colour, till Beauchamp lost every thing he had brought with him! He sat down, sunk his head upon his breast, and a ghastly hue overspread his face. He was offered unlimited credit. Apsley gave him a slip of paper with I. O. U. on it, telling him to fill it up with his name, and any sum he chose. Beauchamp threw it back, exclaiming, in an under tone, 'No—swindled out of *all*.'

'*What* did you say, sir?' enquired Apsley, rising from the table, and approaching his victim.

'Merely that I had been swindled out of all my fortune,' replied Beauchamp, without rising from his seat. There was a dead silence.

'But, my good sir, don't you know that such language will never *do?*' enquired Apsley in a cold contemptuous tone, and with a manner exquisitely irritating.

Half maddened with his losses with despair, and fury—Beauchamp sprung out of his chair towards Apsley, and with an absolute *howl*, dashed both his fists into his face. Consternation seized every one present. Table, cards, and bank-notes, all were deserted, and some threw themselves round Beauchamp, others round Apsley, who, sudden as had been the assault upon him, had so quickly thrown up his arms, that he parried the chief force of Beauchamp's blow, and received but a slight injury over his right eye.

'Pish! pho! the boy is *drunk*,' he exclaimed coolly, observing his frantic assailant struggling with those who held him.

'Ruffian! swindler! liar!' gasped Beauchamp. Apsley laughed aloud.

'What! dare you not strike me in return?' roared Beauchamp.

'Aye, aye, my fine fellow,' replied Apsley, with imperturable nonchalance, 'but dare *you* have struck me, when you were in cool blood, and I on my guard?'

'*Struck* you, indeed, you abhorred'——

'Let us see then what we can do in the morning, when we've slept over it,' retorted Apsley, pitching his card towards him contemptuously. 'But, in the meantime, we must send for constables, unless our young friend here becomes quiet. Come, Streighton, you are croupier—come, Hillier—Bruton—all of you, come—play out the stakes, or we shall forget where we were.'

Poor Beauchamp seemed suddenly calmed when Apsley's card was thrown towards him, and with such cold scorn. He pressed his hands to his bursting temples, turned his despairing eyes upwards, and muttered, as if he were half-choked, 'Not yet—not yet!' He paused—and the dreadful paroxysm seemed to subside. He threw one of his cards to Apsley, exclaiming hoarsely, 'When, where, and how you will, sir!'

'Why, come now, Beau, that's right—*that's* like a man!' said Apsley, with mock civility. 'Suppose we say to-morrow morning? I have cured you of roguery to-night, and, with the blessing of God, will cure you of cowardice to-morrow. But, pardon me, your last stakes are forfeit,' he added abruptly, seeing Beauchamp approach the spot where his last stake, a bill for £100, was lying, not having been taken up. He looked appealingly to the company, who decided instantly against him. Beauchamp, with the hurry and agitation consequent on his assault upon Apsley, had forgotten that he had really played away the note. 'Well, sir, there remains nothing to keep me here,' said Beauchamp, calmly—with the calmness of despair—'except settling our morning's meeting. Name your friend, sir,' he continued sternly—yet his heart was breaking within him.

'Oh—aye,' replied Apsley, carelessly looking up from the cards he was shuffling and arranging. 'Let me see. Hillier, will you do the needful for me? I leave every thing in your hands.' After vain attempts to bring about a compromise—for your true gamblers hate such affairs, not from personal fear but the publicity they occasion to their doings—matters were finally arranged; Sir Edward Streighton undertaking for Beauchamp. The hour of meeting was half past six o'clock in the morning; and the place, a field near Knightsbridge. The unhappy Beauchamp then withdrew, after shaking Sir Edward by the hand, who promised to call at his lodgings by four o'clock—'for we shall break up by that time, I dare say,' he whispered.

When the door was closed upon Beauchamp, he reeled off the steps, and staggered along the street like a drunken man. Whether or not he was deceived, he knew not; but in passing under the windows of the room where the fiendish conclave were sitting, he fancied he heard the sound of loud laughter. It was about two o'clock of a winter's morning. The snow fell fast, and the air was freezingly cold. Not a soul but himself seemed stirring. A watchman, seeing his unsteady gait, crossed the street, touched his hat, and asked if he should call him a coach; but he was answered with such a ghastly imprecation, that he slunk back in silence. Tongue cannot tell the distraction and misery with which Beauchamp's soul was shaken. Hell seemed to have lit its raging fires within him. He felt affrighted at being alone in the desolate, dark, deserted streets. His last six months' life seemed unrolled suddenly before him like a blighting scroll, written in letters of fire. Overcome by his emotions, his shaking knees refused their support, and he sate down on the steps of a house in Piccadilly. He told me afterwards, that he distinctly recollected feeling for some implement of destruction; and that if he had discovered his penknife, he should assuredly have cut his throat. After sitting on the stone for about a quarter of an hour, bareheaded—for he had removed his hat, that his burning forehead might be cooled—he made towards his lodgings. He thundered impetuously at the door, and was instantly admitted. His shivering, half-asleep servant fell back before his master's affrighting countenance, and glaring bloodshot eyes. 'Lock the door, sir, and follow me to my room,' said Beauchamp, in a loud voice.

'Sir—sir—sir,' stammered the servant, as if he were going to ask some question.

'Silence, sir!' thundered his master; and the man, laying down his candle on the stairs, went and barred the door. Beauchamp hurried up stairs, and opened the door of his sitting-room. He was astonished and alarmed to find a blaze of light in the room. Suspecting fire, he rushed into the middle of the room, and beheld—his mother and cousin bending towards him, and staring fixedly at him with the hue and expression of two marble images of horror! His mother's white hair hung dishevelled down each side of her ghastly features; and her eyes with those of her niece, who sate beside her, clasping her aunt convulsively round the waist, seemed on the point of starting from their sockets. They moved not—they spoke not. The hideous apparition vanished in an instant from the darkening eyes of Beauchamp, for he dropped the candle he had in his hand, and fell at full length senseless on the floor. * * It was no ocular delusion—nothing spectral—but horror looking out through breathing flesh and blood, in the persons of Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece.

The resolution which Mrs. Beauchamp had formed, on an occasion which will be remembered by the reader, was to go up direct to London, and try the effect of a sudden appearance before her erring, but she hoped not irreclaimable son. Such an interview might *startle* him into a return to virtue. Attended by the faithful Pritchard, they had arrived in town that very day, put up at an hotel in the neighbourhood, and without pausing to take refreshments, hurried to Mr. Beauchamp's lodgings, which they reached only two hours after he had gone out to dinner.—Seeing his desk open, and a paper lying upon it, the old lady took it up, and, freezing with fright, read the oath before named, evidently written in *blood*. Her son, then, was gone to the gaming-table in the spirit of a forlorn hope, and was that night to complete his and their ruin! Yet, what could they do? Mr. Beauchamp's valet did not know where his master was gone to dinner, nor did any one in the house, or they would have sent off instantly to apprize him of their arrival. As it was, however, they were obliged to wait for it; and it may therefore be conceived in what an ecstacy of agony these two poor ladies had been sitting, without tasting wine or food, till half past two o'clock in the morning, when they heard his startling knock—his fierce voice speaking in curses to the valet, and at length beheld him rush, madman-like, into their presence, as has been described.

When the valet came up stairs from fastening the street door, he saw the sitting-room door wide open, and peeping through on his way up to bed, was confounded to see three prostrate figures on the floor--his master here, and there the two ladies locked in one another's arms, all motionless. He hurried to the bell, and pulled it till it broke, but not till it had rung such a startling peal, as woke every body in the house, who presently heard him shouting at the top of his voice, 'Murder! Murder! Murder!' All the affrighted inmates were in a few seconds in the room, half dressed and their faces full of terror. The first simultaneous impression on the minds of the group was, that the persons lying on the floor had been *poisoned;* and under such impression was it that I and two neighbouring surgeons were summoned on the scene. By the time I had arrived, Mrs. Beauchamp was reviving; but her niece had swooned away again. The first impulse of the mother, as soon as her tottering limbs could support her weight, was to crawl trembling to the insensible body of her son. Supported in the arms of two female attendants, who had not as yet been able to lift her from the floor, she leant over the prostrate form of Beauchamp, and murmured, 'Oh, Henry! Henry! Love! My only love!' Her hand played slowly over his damp features, and strove to part the hair from the forehead—but it suddenly ceased to move—and on looking narrowly at her, she was found to have swooned again. Of all the sorrowful scenes it has been my fate to witness, I never encountered one of deeper distress than this, had I known at the time the relative situation of the parties!

I directed all my attentions to Mr. Beauchamp, while the other medical gentlemen busied themselves with Mrs Beauchamp and her niece. I was not quite sure whether my patient were not in a fit of epilepsy or apoplexy, for he lay motionless, drawing his breath at long and painful intervals, with a little occasional convulsive twitching of the features. I had his coat taken off immediately, and bled him from the arm copiously; soon after which he recovered his consciousness, and allowed himself to be led to bed. He had hardly been undressed, before he fell fast asleep. His mother was bending over him in speechless agony—for ill and feeble as she was, we could not prevail on her to go to bed—and I was watching both with deep interest and curiosity, convinced that I was witnessing a glimpse of some domestic tragedy, when there was heard a violent knocking and ringing at the street-door. Every one started, and with alarm enquired what that *could* be? Who could be seeking admission at four o'clock in the morning?

Sir Edward Streighton!—whose cab, with a case of duelling pistols on the seat, was standing at the door waiting to convey himself and Beauchamp to the scene of possible slaughter fixed on overnight. He would take no denial from the servant; declared his business to be of the most pressing kind; and affected to disbelieve the fact of Beauchamp's illness—'it was all miserable fudge,' and he was heard muttering something about '*cowardice!*' The strange pertinacity of Sir Edward brought me down stairs. He stood fuming and cursing in the hall; but started on seeing me come down with my candle in my hand, and he turned pale.

Dr. ——!' he exclaimed, taking off his hat; for he had once or twice seen me, and instantly recognized me, 'Why, in the name of heaven, what is the matter? Is he ill? Is he dead? What?'

'Sir Edward,' I replied coldly, 'Mr. Beauchamp is in dangerous, if not dying circumstances.'

'*Dying* circumstances!' he echoed with an alarmed air. 'Why—has he—has he attempted to commit suicide?' he stammered.

'No, but he has had a fit, and is insensible in bed. You will permit me to say, Sir Edward,' I continued, a suspicion occurring to me of his design in calling, 'that this untimely visit looks as if'——

'That is my business, Doctor, he replied haughtily, not yours. My errand is of the highest importance; and it is fitting I should be assured, on your solemn word of honour, of the *reality* of Mr. Beauchamp's illness."

'Sir Edward Streighton,' said I, indignantly, 'you have had my answer, which you may believe or disbelieve, as you think proper; but I will take good care that you do not ascend one of these stairs to-day.'

'I understand it all!' he answered with a significant scowl, and left the house. I then hastened back to my patient, whom I now viewed with greater interest than before; for I saw that he was to have fought a duel that morning. Coupling present appearances with Mr. Beauchamp's visit to me the day before, and the known character of Sir Edward, as a professed gambler, the key to the whole, seemed to me, that there had beeen a gaming-house quarrel.

The first sensible words that Mr. Beauchamp spoke were to me: 'Has Sir Edward Streighton called?—Is it four o'clock yet?' and he started up in his bed, staring wildly around him. Seeing himself in bed—candles about him—and *me* at his side, he exclaimed, 'Why, I recollect nothing of it! Am I wounded? What is become of Apsley?' He placed his hand on the arm from which he had been bled, and feeling it bandaged, 'Ah?—in the arm—How strange that I have forgotten it all!—How did I get on at Hazard and Rouge et Noir?—Doctor, am I badly wounded?—Bone broken?'

My conjecture was now verified beyond a doubt! He dropped asleep, from excessive exhaustion, while I was gazing at him. I had answered none of his questions—which were proposed in a dreamy unconnected style, indicating that his senses were disturbed. Finding that I could be of no further service at present, I left him, and betook myself to the room to which Mrs. Beauchamp had been removed, while I was conversing with Sir Edward. I found her in bed, attended by Miss Beauchamp, who, though still extremely languid, and looking the picture of broken-heartednesss, had made a great exertion to rouse herself. Mrs Beauchamp looked dreadfully ill. The nerves seemed to have received a shock from which she might be long in recovering. 'Now, what is breaking these ladies' hearts?' thought I, I as looked from one agitated face to the other.

'How is my son?' enquired Mrs. Beauchamp, faintly.

I told her, I thought there was no danger; and that, with repose, he would soon recover.

'Pray, madam, allow me to ask—Has he had any sudden fright? I suspect'—— Both shook their heads and hung them down.

'Well—he is alive, thank Heaven—but a *beggar!* said Mrs. Beauchamp. 'Oh, Doctor, he hath *fallen among thieves!* They have robbed and would have slain my son—my first born—my only son!

I expressed deep sympathy. I said, 'I suspect, madam, that something very unfortunate has happened.'

She interrupted me by asking me, after a pause, if I knew nothing of his practices in London, for the last few months as she had seen my name several times mentioned in his letters as his medical adviser. I made no reply. I did not even hint my suspicions that he had been a frequenter of the gaming-table; but my looks startled her.

Oh, Doctor ——, for the love of God, be frank and save a widowed mother's heart from breaking! Is there no door open for him to escape?'

Seeing they could extract little or no satisfactory explanations from me, they ceased asking, and resigned themselves to tears and sorrow. After rendering them what little service was in my power, and looking in at Mr. Beauchamp's room, where I found him still in a comfortable sleep, I took my departure, for the dull light of a winter morning was already stealing into the room, and I had been there ever since a little before four o'clock. All my way home I felt sure that my patient was one of the innumerable victims of gambling, and had involved his family in his ruin.

Mr Beauchamp, with the aid of quiet and medicine, soon recovered sufficiently to leave his bed; but his mind was evidenly ill at ease. Had I known at the time what I was afterwards apprized of, with what intense and sorrowful interest should I have regarded him!

The next week was all agony, humiliation, confessions, and forgiveness. The only one item in the black catalogue which he omitted or misrepresented, was the duel he was to have fought. He owned, after much pressing, in order to quiet his mother and cousin, that he *had*-fought, and escaped unhurt. But Beauchamp, in his own mind, was resolved, at all events, to give Apsley the meeting, on the very earliest opportunity. His own *honour* was at stake!—His own revenge was to be sated! The first thing, therefore, that Beauchamp did, after he was sufficiently recovered to be left alone, was to drop a hasty line to Sir Edward Streighton, informing him that he was now ready and willing—nay, anxious—to give Apsley the meeting which he had been prevented doing, only by his sudden and severe illness. He entreated Sir Edward to continue, as heretofore, his *friend*, and to hasten the matter as much as possible; adding that whatever event might attend it, was a matter of utter indifference to one who was weary of life. Sir Edward, who began to wish himself out of a very disagreeable affair, returned him a promp, polite, but not very cordial answer; the substance of which was, that Apsley, who happened to be with Sir Edward when Beauchamp's letter arrived, was perfectly ready to meet him at the place formerly appointed, at seven o'clock on the ensuing morning. Beauchamp was somewhat shocked at the suddenness of the affair. How was he to part, overnight—possibly forever,—from his beloved, and injured as beloved, mother and cousin? Whatever might be the issue of the affair, what a monster of perfidy and ingratitude must he appear to them!

Full of these bitter, distracting thoughts, he locked his room door, and proceeded to make his will. He left 'every thing he had remaining on earth, in any shape,' to his mother, except a hundred guineas to his cousin to buy a mourning-ring. That over, and some few other arrangements completed, he repaired, with a heart that smote him at every step, to his mother's bedside; for it was night, and the old lady, besides, scarce ever left her bed. The unusual fervour of his embraces, together with momentary fits of absence, might have challenged observation and suspicion; but they did not. He told me afterwards, that the anguish he suffered, while repeating and going through the customary evening adieus to his mother and cousin, might have atoned for years of guilt!

After a nearly sleepless night, Beauchamp rose about five o'clock, and dressed himself. On quitting his room, perhaps the last time he should quit it alive, he had to pass by his mother's door. There he fell down on his knees; and continued with clasped hands and closed eyes, till his smothering emotions warned him to be gone. He succeeded in getting out of the house without alarming any one; and, muffled in his cloak, made his way as fast as possible to Sir Edward Streighton's. It was a miserable morning. The untrodden snow lay nearly a foot deep on the streets, and was yet fluttering fast down. Beauchamp found it so fatiguing to *plunther* on through the deep snow, and was so benumbed with cold, that he called a coach. He had great difficulty in rousing the driver, who, spite of the bitter inclemency of the weather, was sitting on his box, poor fellow, fast asleep, and even snoring—a complete hillock of snow, which lay nearly an inch thick upon him. How Beauchamp envied him! The very horses, too, lean and scraggy as they looked—fast asleep—how he envied *them!*

It was nearly six o'clock when Beauchamp reached Sir Edward's residence. The Baronet was up, and waiting for him.

'How d'ye do, Beauchamp—how d'ye do!—How the d—— are you to fight in such a fog as this?' he enquired, looking through the window, and shuddering at the cold.

'It must be managed, I suppose. Put us up as close as you like,' replied Beauchamp, gloomily.

'I've done all in my power my dear fellow, to settle matters amicably, but 'tis in vain, I'm afraid. You *must* exchange shots, you know!—I have no doubt, however,' he continued with a significant smile, 'that the thing will be properly conducted. *Life is valuable, Beauchamp!* You understand me?'

'It is *not* to me—I hate Apsley as I hate hell.'

'My God, Beauchamp! What a bloody humor you have risen in!' exclaimed the baronet, with an anxious smile. He paused, as if for an answer, but Beauchamp continued silent.—'Ah, then, the sooner to business the better. And hark'ee, Beauchamp,' said Sir Edward, briskly, 'have your wits about you, for Apsley, let me tell you, is a splendid shot.'

'Pooh!' exclaimed Beauchamp, smiling bitterly. He felt cold from head to foot, and even trembled; for a thousand fond thoughts gushed over him. He felt

(*Continued on 6th page.*)

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1831.

THE TWO FISHERS OF MEN.

An acquaintance of ours, who possesses a great fund of amusing and instructive anecdote, relates the following:—A Reverend gentleman, by the name of Whitney, one of the old pillars of the church in Connecticut, was in the practice of fitting young men for the ministry; and it so happened on one occasion, that two of these pupils finished their theological studies about the same time, and went forth into the world to enter on the duties of their profession.

They were very different in their tempers and their talents. ISAAC was a man of learning and ability; but exceedingly meek and modest withal. EZEKIEL was a person of inferior attainments; but full of self-confidence, noise and fury. The former was mild and gentle, charitable and forgiving; the latter was harsh and overbearing, severe and relentless. The one was contented, if he could win souls to heaven; the other was determined to drive them there.

With these differences in talents and dispositions, they set forth upon their ministry. They travelled and preached. They were indefatigable in discharge of their duties. They were 'instant in season and out of season.' After having completed a mission of two or three years, they returned to their old master—the Rev. Mr. Whitney.

"Well, Isaac," said the good old man, "how have you succeeded?"

"Beyond my expectations," said the modest disciple; and his countenance brightened as he spoke. "My efforts have been every where met with kindness, and a disposition on the part of my hearers to profit by them."

"You have made some converts then, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I hope no person has been made worse by my preaching; and I think I have reason to believe that many have 'turned from the error of their ways to the wisdom of the just.'"

"I am glad to hear it, Isaac; I am glad with all my heart," said the worthy old man, as he grasped anew the hand of his meek and humble disciple. "And now, Ezekiel," said he, "let me hear what success you have had."

"Ah, sir," returned Ezekiel, with a sigh—"I have had no success at all."

"None at all! I am sorry to hear it."

"So am I sorry to hear it—but it is none the less true for all that. All my efforts have been thrown away—yea, my best efforts have been like pearls cast before swine."

"You have not been idle, of course?"

"Idle! no, I have preached indefatigably; I have labored day and night in reproving and rebuking sin and its perpetrators and abettors. Never for a moment have I spared either the one or the other; never have I opened my mouth, but to warn the wicked of their wickedness, and to point out to them the awful consequences of their estrangement from God and their perseverance in the paths of iniquity. I have set the whole terrors of the law before them in their most frightful shape—I have pictured in the most glowing colors the miseries of the reprobate—I have—"

"No doubt of it—no doubt of it"—interrupted the old man. "That you have abundance of zeal, and warmth, and fire, and all that, I have not the least doubt, Ezekiel. But with all these, how happens it that you have had no better success?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Ezekiel, with an air of despondency.

"Well, I will tell you. Both you and Isaac here set out to be 'fishers of men.' In fishing, as in all other employments, some little skill is required to insure success. Isaac has succeeded beyond his expectations; and, I have no doubt, is much the better fisherman of the two."

"May be so," replied Ezekiel, with a mortified air—"but I'm sure I've tried hard enough."

"Granted—but I will show you the difference.—Isaac takes a small hair line, with a neat little hook; and makes use of a long, slender pole, that will bend and turn every way with the greatest ease. He approaches the stream without noise, covers his hook with an attractive bait, and carefully dips it in the water. He moves it gently and skilfully to and fro, raises and lowers it alternately, and performs such other manœuvres as judicious anglers best understand. The fish are attracted; they draw around in great numbers; they take the bait one after another; they are dexterously drawn out; and this is the great secret of your friend Isaac's success.

"Now I will give you a picture of your own fishing. You take a stout ten-foot pole; you fasten thereto a cod-line; and to the cod-line you attach an enormous hook, armed with a frightful barb that no bait can cover. Thus prepared, you put upon your hook a live scorpion. 'I must certainly take them now,' say you. Accordingly, you rush to the bank of the stream; you throw in your hook with violence; and frighten all the fish. Not succeeding according to your expectations, you become still more rash and violent. You draw out your hook in a rage, put on another scorpion, and dash it in again with all your might. 'Now,' say you, 'bite, or be damned!—bite, or be damned!'—The poor timid fish flee from you in dismay—and this, friend Ezekiel, is the cause of your want of success."

THE CLUB-BOOK.

We have read with interest most of the tales of which this work is composed. The Deer-Stalkers, the longest in the collection, written by Andrew Picken, is also one of the best, if not the very best, in the collection. Eisenbach, by the same author, is also an interesting and well written story. The Gipsy of the Abruzzo, by Tyrone Power, author of the Lost Heir and the King's Secret, is excellent. Bertrand De la Croix, by G. P. R. James, is a tale of deep interest; and the Sleepless Woman, by William Jerdan, editor of the London Literary Gazette, is fanciful and amusing. Gowden Gabbie, by Allan Cunningham, is perhaps the most original, and certainly one of the best in the collection. In a word, the articles are generally interesting, and may, as we have seen suggested in some other paper, be well substituted as a new-year's gift for the more expensive annuals, whose chief merit consists in the binding and the plates.

We will give an extract from the Club-Book. It is taken from the story of EISENBACH; or the *Adventures of a Stranger.*

Eisenbach, a young German traveller, becomes accidently acquainted, in London, with a lawyer by the name of Compton, whom he describes thus: "He was a person about forty—with a salacious, I should almost say swinish eye, gluttonous, if not dissipated look, and a patch of bald on the crown of a frowzy head. Although shrewd, and by no means wanting in intelligence, he was one of those brutish versions of humanity which a mind of any delicacy must instinctively hate." From this man our traveller received the following judicious hints on the subject of book-making and the state of English society and manners.

"I doubt not, Mr. Eisenbach," said he, "that you think yourself exceedingly deep and penetrating, and that when *you go back to Germany you will write a perfectly correct account of English society, seeing that you know it so intimately. Nay, do not deny it, for I know that is your drift; and I myself will give you several hints which you will find particularly valuable. But I would not have you give yourself much further trouble in diving into the depths of English manners, having evidently such large opportunities of acquiring knowledge, for a man always writes with more zeal upon a subject that he does not understand."

"I certainly dont understand *you.*"

"So much the better. It is by want of understanding that the world thrives, for there is no confidence like the confidence of ignorance; and if your book itself was understood, it would have but little success. But, harkee, you'll never get out of England without being taken in."

"How mean you?"

"Why, courted."

"What! *I* courted?"

"To be sure. The courtship in England is all done by women, and you are just the honest softling to be wooed and won, if you have plenty of the *geldt** to make it worth the while of mothers and single sisters to sue for your hand. But when you are *in* for it, if you happen to like your wife, and wish to live godly and honest, without horns above your ears, I would advise you to take her beyond the Rhine with you, or at least, out of London; for although the French fashion in this respect, is rather *out* at present, there are strange doings occasionally take place in town."

"The English women are allowed to be exceedingly virtuous?"

"They are so in general. But what between ill-assorted marriages daily made for the sake of fortune, and the arts of certain showy men on town; what between the monotony of English life, which makes even the semblance of intrigue so seducing, as it is so dangerous—there are things happen now and then which help to swell the muddy stream of human guilt, and to keep up the bitter tide of private misery."

Compton, who is represented as a bachelor and vastly rich, had taken it into his head to marry, or, as he expressed it, to *buy* him a wife. Wishing, like other lovers for a confidant, he, one evening when full of wine, began to unfold the secret of his heart to our traveller. "Come," said he, "I have got something to say to you, if you can attend to it.—Heavens, how drunk you are!" he added with the usual penetration of more sober persons upon the subject of their own faults, as he looked up muddily in my face."

After describing the object of his affections in very glowing terms, the lawyer proceeded: "I am tired of boarding-houses and bachelorism, particularly as I can now afford to buy a wife."

"To buy a wife," exclaimed I, repeating his vile expression; "what do you mean with reference to a girl such as you describe?"

"I mean exactly as I say—because I choose to speak plain language. May not any thing be bought in England?—and have not I money to purchase a beauty?" he added, clapping his hands on his breeches pocket. "Ay, a heavy purse is a loadstone so powerful that hang it up between heaven and earth, as the Catholic priests do and it will draw you upwards and open to you gates unspeakable, after you have purchased here below all that the world offers to the best bidder."

"I stared in the face of my coarse companion, as I reflected on what he said—for even truth itself is disgusting when too broadly spoken—and then said simply—

"'But the girl's affections?'"

"'Are upon me!'"

"I again glanced over those maudlin, salacious gray eyes, and that tinged nose, which had always repelled me, and felt most uncomfortable."

"'I tell you they are upon *me*—that is they are and must be upon dress and equipage, and the means of creating envy; and am not I, with my purse, the representative of all these?'"

"'And has the lady consented?'"

"'I never asked her.'"

"'But her father?'"

"'If he does not, I have a lawyer's alternative—I'll ruin him! I've lent him money.'"

"And do you call this English manners and proceedings?'"

"'Certainly—at least with wise people—and the English are getting wiser every day. Now you may put that in your book if you like—ha, ha, ha!'"

But the lawyer's wisdom, with his wealth to back it, did not answer his purpose; for the young German himself stept in and married the lady.

*The German for MONEY.

TO AULD WINTER.

Improba pugnat hiems, indignaturque, quod ausim
Scribere, se rigidas incutiente minas. OVID.

Auld Winter, wi' yer chills an' blains,
I see ye thro' my window panes,
Shakin' at me yer icy chains
Wi' muckle ire,
As ye would touch my very banes
By my ain fire.

I know ye by yer chillin' blaw,
I know ye by yer look sae raw,
I know ye by yer features a'
Frae tap to toe,
Yer icy han's, yer face o' snaw,
An' 'frosty pow.'

Wi' notice short ye cam this year,
Showin' yer phiz sae cauld an' drear,
Eneugh to chill the heart wi' fear,
An' muckle dread,
To see yer frightfu' face appear,
An' hear yer tread.

Ye're aye my nose a turnin' blue,
My cheeks ye paint a purple hue,
Ye nip my lugs a' thro' an' thro,'
And gar me shake
Like soger in the battle new,
Or an earthquake.

Ye ha' na feelin' for the poor,
But aye ye burst the cabin door,
An' strike into the fu' heart's core
Wi' ruthless dip,
The while yer victim's on the floor
In yer cauld grip.

Ye're na content wi' freezin' a',
Ye're na content yer breath to blaw,
Wi' rattlin' hail and fleecy snaw,
Our lugs to greet,
But ye maun bring yer splashin' thaw
To soak our feet.

Ye've round my cot a searchin' bin
Wi' yellin' blasts and glammerin' din,
There's na a crack but ye'll get in,
An' stay to boot,
Unless I drive ye out again,
An', faith, I'll do't.

Ye need na look sae fierce at me,
Glowrin' frae out yer vengefu' ee,
For be assur'd that I'll mak free
To send ye hame
Wi' fire an' coals, if need there be
Pit in yer wame.

FABLE OF THE SPECTACLES.

Among other amusing and clever things in Mrs. Sherwood's tale of ROXOBEL, is the following fable of the Spectacles. This method of accounting for the fact of some persons looking on the bright and some on the dark side of things, and of viewing the same object in very different lights, by providing them with glasses of various hues and properties, is quite novel and ingenious.

"Jupiter, one day, enjoying himself over a bowl of nectar, and in a merry humor, determined to make mankind a present. Momus was appointed to convey it to them, who, mounted on a rapid car, was presently on earth. 'Come hither,' said he, 'ye happy mortals! Great Jupiter has opened, for your benefit, his all-gracious hands. 'Tis true, he made you somewhat short sighted; but to remedy that inconvenience, behold how he has favored you!'—So saying, he unloosed his portmanteau; an infinite number of spectacles tumbled out; and mankind picked them up with great eagerness. There was enough for all; every man had his pair. But it was found that these spectacles did not represent objects to every individual alike: for one pair was purple, another blue; one was white, another black; some of the glasses were red, some green, and some yellow; some magnified, some diminished; some were long-sighted, some were short-sighted, and some were cracked. In short, they presented colors of every tint, and lenses of every variety. However, notwithstanding this diversity, every man was charmed with his own, as believing them the best; and it was never known that any man would submit to use his neighbor's glasses."

This present of the spectacles was certainly rather quizzical in Jupiter; and is only to be accounted for from the circumstance mentioned in the fable, namely, that he had partaken pretty freely of the bowl. No doubt he had many a hearty laugh afterwards, as he looked down and saw what curious effect his assortment of glasses had on the vision of poor mortals! Master Ovid informs us that Jove sits in heaven and smiles at the perjuries of lovers. This is rather a wicked account of the king of the gods; but if the story of the spectacles be true, he would have some cause to laugh at lovers, who, looking through their rose-colored glasses, behold nothing but beauty in the persons of their mistresses; however deformed they may happen to be in the sight of other people.

YOU SHALL SWEAR—AND YOU SHAN'T SWEAR!—What a bundle of contradictions are the laws of Christian countries in relation to oaths. They require you in a court of justice to swear upon the evangelists; while, in those very evangelists, the Author of the Christian religion has said—"*Swear not at all!*" Here is a flat contradiction, and a mockery of the scriptures.

Every office, from the highest to the lowest, is entered upon with swearing. The king, president, or other chief magistrate swears. His prime minister, his inferior ministers, secretaries, or whatever they are called, all swear. Every officer of government, whether civil or military, swears. The pettiest tide waiter, or mail-carrier, takes as big an oath as the President himself! Legislators swear; judges swear; jurymen swear; witnesses swear (and some of them confoundedly too;) lawyers, constables, and—blackguards swear. My God! what a swearing set are Christian countries made of! It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to think of it. Law-makers swear, and law-breakers swear! and every body swears, except the Quakers. If a man in a gay coat and ruffle shirt, will not swear in a court of justice, he is punished for contumacy and contempt of court; but if a man, who has neither coat nor shirt, swears, out of court, he is punished for profanity and contempt of the laws!—What absurdity! what inconsistency! Away with all oaths, say we. Banish them from the statute book. Abolish them entirely.

DELIBERATE KILLING, NO MURDER! A very strange decision was lately made by the Grand Jury of Russell County, Ky. Ebenezer N. Robertson, Esq., a former member of Assembly, had a criminal intercourse with the wife of Doctor Pierce, present member of the Assembly. A sort of compromise had been patched up between the gentlemen, by which Robertson agreed to quit that part of the country, to return no more. He went away—but forgot his promise never to return. At a sitting of the county court, Dr. Pierce coming in, beheld Robertson writing at the Clerk's table. After gazing upon him for a moment, he left the court-room, and presently re-appearing at the window with a pistol, shot Robertson through the head. At the next session of the circuit court, two bills of indictment against Pierce, one for murder and the other for manslaughter, were laid before the Grand Jury. That learned and conscientious body, after due investigation under oath, returned the indictments, having endorsed them respectively—"*Not a true Bill*"—"*Not a true Bill.*" A few days after, the

Doctor appeared in the Assembly, and was qualified as a faithful Representative of the people!

Going Different Ways. Dr. Hosack has more than once, in his Lectures, contrived to bring in the following anecdote:—Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, former President of Princeton College, was once on board a packet-ship where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. This fellow was very fond of troubling every body with his peculiar belief; and of broaching the subject as often as he could get any body to listen to him. "He didn't believe in a God and a future state—not he!" By and by there came up a terrible storm, and the prospect was, that all would go to the bottom. There was much fear and consternation aboard; but no one was so horribly frightened as the atheist. In this extremity, he sought out the clergyman. He found him in the cabin, calm and collected, and thus addressed him—"Oh, Dr. Witherspoon! Dr. Witherspoon! we're all going for it—we have but a short time to stay. Oh, my gracious! how the vessel rocks. We're all going—doat you think we are, Doctor?"

The Rev. gentleman turned on him a look of most provoking coolness, and replied, in broad Scotch—"Na doubt, na doubt, man, we're a' ganging; but you and I *dinna gang the same way.*"

A King for a Scarecrow. "A king," says some writer of laconics, "may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies and secure our property, it is well enough; a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn."

Compliment to Kean. The following tribute to the merits of Mr. C. Kean, mentioned in the Albany Evening Journal, is none the less valuable that it comes from a mere child, and therefore from an unsophisticated source. As Mr. K. was acting Hamlet, a little fellow, six or eight years old, turned to his mother and said—"What makes that man feel so bad, is any body dead?"

MISCELLANY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The letter annexed is from a new memoir of Dr. Goldsmith's attached to an edition of his poems recently published in London. The Literary Gazette, justly pronounces it 'charming, both in style and feeling, and interesting also in its details about himself.'

To Daniel Hodson, Esq. at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.

Dear Sir.—It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland, and from you in particular I received no answer probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist him, not only among my friends and relations, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance in being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much am I obliged to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have the proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture. Sure I am born to ill fortune to be so much a debtor, and unable to repay. But to say no more of this; too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favors.—Let me only add, that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment in London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country, where being born an Irishman, was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances, would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other. I suppose you desire to know my present situation: as there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses than poverty; but it were all for us if they only left us at the door—the mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainments; and Want, instead of being gentleman usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret.

In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends; but whether I eat or starve, live in a first flour, or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardor; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection; unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pays*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place, who never received, when in it, above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him 'unco thoughtful o' his wife and bonnie Inverary.' But now, to be serious, let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? No. There is good company in Ireland? No; the conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast, or a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just 'bliy enough to earn his dinner. Then, perhaps, there is more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh Lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Ponderean mire there, in one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the time of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few men, who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of Melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's last good night from Peggy Golden. If I climb Planstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the Little Mount before Lishoy gate, and then take into me the most pleasing horizon in nature.

Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severe studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you and Mrs. Hodson sometimes sally out in visits among the neighbors, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she, and Lishoy, and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex; though upon second thoughts this might be attended with inconveniences. Therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why, Mahomet shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland; but first believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure, nor to levy contributions; neither to excite envy, nor to solicit favor.

In fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance. You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself, but attribute my vanity to my affection: as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. * * * *

My dear sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a thing done in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands—for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say (you know I am) your affectionate kinsman, Oliver Goldsmith.

From the Atlas.

CORONATION LAYS.

Under this title a London writer furnishes some specimens of imitations after the fashion of the celebrated Rejected Addresses. We subjoin two examples. The reader will find them very well managed.

A GLANCE FROM A HOOD.

[Represent a grave and rather anti-pun-like looking person, turning over the leaves of a pronouncing dictionary, and endeavouring to extract a pun from some obstinate and intractable word, that every body else had discovered and abandoned years ago. Now and then he finds something that repays him, not because it is good but because it is new. If unsuccessful, he puts the first word he comes to in *italics*, and leaves the reader to fasten any joke upon it he pleases.]

He comes, he comes! the news *flar*
Is spread by gun and steeple;
He seems (what many princes are)
The *Father* of his People.

That echoing cheer—it rises higher
And seems to reach the stars;
No Life-Guard escort he requires
Who meets with such *Huzzas!*

A poet-King; nay, do not scoff;
The Monarch hath his *Mews;*
Like those whose pensions he cuts off,
He's followed by the *Blues.*

Yet some our King and Queen must hate,
For see, besides a star,
Their houses they illuminate
With—"*W. A. R!*"

He's near the Abbey; on the air
The guns their echoes threw;
And now the bishops makes him wear
To mind *their* canons too.

That organ seems on *ours* to play
As if our love to nourish;
Be ruined by reform who may,
Those trumpeters must *flourish.*

A crown is brought, they make him King;
A King! why they mistake;
Two crowns, each child must know the thing,
But *half* a sovereign make.

Well, he is ours; along the way
He bears his people's vow;
And as he goes, he seems to say,
"Your *Bill* is passing now!"

THE LAUREATE'S LAY.

[The Laureate's Lay will of course exist only in a blank page. His lyre hath no chord left. He hath taken out a patent in the court of Apollo, for treating birthdays and coronations with contempt. He basks in the sunshine of idleness—the poetical privilege of doing nothing, except calling at the treasury once a year. As he could not be conveniently omitted among the contributors to this collection, some emblematic device may be introduced—a cameleon, or a rainbow: or you may paint him, if you will, glancing back upon the light of his early years, and paraphrasing the story of 'Little Wilhelmine' and the 'famous victory.']

"They say it was a splendid sight,
Such sums were lavish'd then,
Although the nation at the time
Was full of famished men;
But things like *that*, you know, must be
At every famous pageantry.

Much praise our gentle Monarch won,
And so did Grey and Brougham;"
"*But what good came of it at last,*"
Quoth simple Mr. Hume.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous pageantry."

The sleep of the ship-boy. Liverpool, Aug. 27, —, Saturday night, 12 o'clock. A remarkable occurrence on board this moment, induces me to take up my pen at this hour. The calm of this morning was followed in the afternoon of the day by a fine breeze, increasing to this time, which, together with the tide, has ushered us into St. George's Channel in fine style. A sprightly sailor boy about 15 years, who has shown all the agility of a monkey in climbing the masts and running the spars during the voyage, was sent up on the fore-top-sail yard an hour or two ago to sit and watch for the —— light on the coast of England, about half way between St. David's and Holy Head. I happened on deck just now and the call was made to the boy, "Jack, do you see the light?" Jack made no answer. The call was repeated a second and third time, but Jack was still silent.

He's asleep! he's asleep! was the simultaneous and thrilling exclamation among the crew. "Up! and save him, if he is not already overboard!" was the order; for the ship rolled enough to toss him into the sea. And the next moment his shipmates found him at his post, on the top sail yard, but snoring aloud in his sleep, as an accompaniment of the winds. "Sleep! gentle sleep!" said a king, or a king is said to have said,—

"Sleep! gentle sleep;
Wilt thou upon a high and gaudy mast
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge—
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian-billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night
With all the appliances and means to boot
Deny it to a king.

A curious correspondence has been opened between a gentleman who formerly cut no small figure in the fashionable world, and a nobleman who has lately married a favorite actress (Miss Foote.) The gentleman alluded to was at one time the lover of the lady, and hoped to be blessed with her hand. He changed his mind—she brought her action—he married another lady, and his former love became a countess. He now writes to the nobleman, setting forth his claim in equity to the jewels which he presented to the lady when he expected she would become his wife. He states them to have cost 7000*l.* The husband of the lady has no disposition to give any such sum for them, but has intimated that he would not refuse to pay what they were valued at by a celebrated auctioneer, 1000*l.*—*London Sunday Times.*

The following jeu d'esprit from Mr. *Pea Green* Haynes, on the same subject, appears in the Court Journal.

To the Earl of H—rg—n, from P. G. H., Esq.

When you gaze on her forehead so fair,
O'ershaded with beautiful curls,
You are welcome, my Lord, to the hair,—
But send me, pray send me, the pearls!

In the *green*, sunny days of my youth,
I lent them her tresses to braid,
When I paid her my vows;—and in truth,
My vows were the least that I *paid!*

When her hand in affection you press,
As it glides o'er the harpsichord's strings
The fingers are yours, I confess,
But I lay a claim to the rings.

Your Lordship's behaviour is cruel,
For my right to the baubles is plain—
Is a countess to flirt with the jewel
Intended for dear Mrs. H——?

If my reas'ning appear to be tame,
To the harsh accusation I'm mute,
His accusation's sure to be lame,
Who is basely deprived of his *Foote.*

Scenes in the West.—The Arkansas Gazette of the 2d ult. presents what its editor calls a case of "*high handed legislation.*" Some dispute had taken place between him and Mr. Menefee, a member of the Legislature. The latter had attacked the former in a speech upon the floor. The editor retorted in his paper. It was the liberty of the *press* against the liberty of debate. The editor published the member's conduct as "*mean and contemptible.*" Here the *argument* ceased; and the next resort was to *arms.* We let the editor tell his own story:

"The hall of the house in which the original attack was made, was selected as the theatre for carrying our punishment into execution! Accordingly, on Saturday last, [the 29th Oct.] while we were quietly engaged in copying the journals at the clerk's table of that house, and by permission of the house, too, the house took a recess for half an hour, but for *what purpose* we do not exactly understand, and the members left the hall, leaving us alone to pursue our copying. The last of the members, however, had scarcely left the room, when Menefee returned, with a heavy cane in his hand, and, after surveying the room, [and finding us alone, with the exception of Major Owen, the doorkeeper, who was standing at some distance from us,] advanced in a threatening manner toward the table at which we were sitting. Seeing him approach, we arose from our seat, and when he was within five or six feet of us, bade him keep off. He hesitated a moment, and at the same time raised his cane in a threatening attitude. We then drew a pistol, cocked it, and, carelessly suspending it by our side, waited to see what further movement he would make. At this instant, he thrust his left hand into his bosom and seized his dirk. Seeing this movement, and believing his object to be our assassination, we attempted to raise the pistol, and in doing so, bore too hard on the trigger, and discharged it in the floor. Simultaneously with the discharge of the pistol, we received a blow on the head from his stick, which produced a slight contusion. A clench then ensued, but before either party had received any further injury, several of the members interfered and parted us. And thus the affair ended."

We have received no farther accounts of the combatants. The dispute is bad enough; but it is still more unfortunate, that the hall of the legislature itself should have been selected as the theatre of the assault. We are unacquainted with the parties. It is a subject of much regret, that so many quarrels, so many acts of violence, should have been exhibited in the Arkansas Territory. Her citizens may be assured that such scenes are calculated to keep quiet people at a distance, and to retard the population and prosperity of their territory. Arkansas already boasts of many men of talents, of spirit, and of high honor. If they would only unite their influence to give a new tone to her feelings upon this subject, it would be of great advantage to the territory.—[Richmond Compiler.]

The Tuscaloosa (Alabama) papers are much occupied with documents relative to a private controversy between Col. Wm. R. King, Senator in Congress from Alabama, on the one part, and John C. Perry and M. J. Kenan on the other. Its ostensible cause seems to have been some warm language, which led to a light rencontre, between King and Kenan, at a time when, according to Col. King's statement, Kenan was intoxicated. The latter, the next day, sent Col. King, by the hands of Mr. Perry, a challenge, which he declined, on the ground that Kenan was unworthy the consideration of a gentleman, but with an intimation that Perry would be recognized and noticed, if he should see fit to espouse the cause of his friend. After an interval of about five weeks, Perry challenged King, who replied that he was then unprepared, having been taken by surprize at that late period, but would make his arrangements to accept it as early as possible. In little more than two weeks, viz. July 15, '31, he notified his acceptance, and selected, as the weapons, cut and thrust swords, not exceeding two feet nine in length, and not more than one inch in width, with a condition, that "if, in the conflict, either of the parties should be so disabled as to be unable to continue the contest with swords, pistols might then be resorted to." The place designated for the meeting was near the Chickasaw Agency in Mississippi, and the time the 8th of August. To these terms, Mr. Perry's second objected, on the grounds that they were not "usual and customary among gentlemen;" that "the weapons selected, together with the time and place, were considered and pronounced to be an equivocation, for the purpose of avoiding a meeting on terms of equality," and that his friend was "totally unskilled and unpractised with the use of swords."—Professing to be nevertheless "anxious for a meeting," he proposed "that the gentlemen should use the pistol or any fire-arms," and fight within the limits of the State of Alabama. Col. King's friend, of course, insisted on the right of the challenged party to select the weapon, time and place, without limitation or control; and they not being assented to, the meeting so anxiously desired was defeated.

(*Continued from 3d page.*)

faint and would have asked for a glass of wine or spirits; but after Sir Edward's last remark, that was out of the question. It might be misconstrued!

They were on the ground by seven o'clock. It had ceased snowing, and in its stead a small drizzling rain was falling. The fog continued so dense as to prevent their seeing each other distinctly at a few yards distance. This puzzled the parties not a little, and threatened to interfere with *business*.

'Every thing, by ——, is against us to-day!' exclaimed Sir Edward, placing under his arm the pistol he was loading, and buttoning his great-coat up to the chin,—'this fog will hinder your seeing one another, and this —— rain will soak through to the priming: in fact, you must be put up within eight or ten feet of one another.'

'Settle all that as soon, and as you like,' replied Beauchamp, walking away a few steps.

'Hallo—here!—here!' cried Sir Edward,—'here! here we are, Hillier,' seeing three figures within a few yards of them, searching about for them. Apsley had brought with him Hillier and a young surgeon.

The fog thickened rapidly as soon as they had come together, and Apsley and Beauchamp took their stands a little distance from their respective friends.

'Any chance of apology?' enquired Hillier—a keen-eyed, hawk-nosed *ci-devant militaire*.

'The devil a bit. Horridly savage!'

'Then, let us make haste,' replied Hillier, with *sang froid*.

'Apsley got —— drunk after you left this morning and I've had only half an hour's sleep,' continued Hillier, little suspecting that every word they were saying was overheard by Beauchamp, who, shrouded by the fog, was standing at but three or four yards distance.

'Apsley drunk? Then 'twill give Beauchamp, poor devil, a bit of a chance—and this fog! How does he stand it? Cool?'

'As a cucumber. That is to say, he is *cold*—very *cold*—ha, ha! But I don't think he funks either. Told me he hated Apsley like ——, and we might put him up as we liked! But what does *your* man say?'

'Oh, full of "*pooh-poohs!*" and calls it a mere bagatelle.'

'No mischief!—eh?'

'Oh—he's going to try for the arm or knee, for the fellow hurt his eye the other night.'

'What—in this fog! My ——!'

'Oh, true. Forget that. What's to be done?—Come, it's clearing off a bit.'

'I say, Hillier,' whispered Sir Edward in a low tone—'suppose *mischief* should be done?'

'Suppose!—and *suppose*—it should'nt? You'll never get your pistol drove! So, now!'

'Now, how far?'

'Oh, the usual distance. Step them out the baker's dozen. Give them every chance, for God favours them.'

'But they won't see one another any more than the devil! 'Tis a complete farce—and the men themselves will *grumble*. How can they *mark*?'

'Why, here's a gate close by. I came past it. 'Tis white and large. Put them in a line with it.'

'Why, Beauchamp will be hit, poor devil!'

'Never mind—deserves it, d—— fool!'

The distance duly stepped out, each stationed his man.

'I shall not stand against this gate, Streighton,' said Beauchamp, calmly. The baronet laughed and replied, 'Oh, you're right my dear fellow. We'll put you then, about three or four yards from it on one side.' They were soon stationed, and pistols put into their hands. Both exclaimed loudly that they could not see their man. 'So much the better. A chance shot! We shan't put you any nearer,' said Sir Edward—and the principals sullenly acquiesced.

'Now take care to shoot at one another, not at us, in this cursed fog,' said Sir Edward, so as to be heard by both. 'We shall move off about twenty yards away to the right here. I will say—one! two! three!—and then, do as you like.'

'The Lord have mercy on you!' added Hillier.

'Come, quick! quick!—'Tis cursedly cold, and I must be at ——'s by ten,' cried Apsley, petulantly. The two seconds and the surgeon moved off. Beauchamp could not catch even a glimpse of his antagonist—to whom he was equally invisible. 'Well,' thought they, 'if we miss, we can fire again!' In a few moments Sir Edward's voice called out loudly—one!—two!—THREE!

Both pistol-fires flashed through the fog at once, and the seconds rushed up to their men.

'Beauchamp where are you?'—'Apsley, where are you?'

'Here!' replied Beauchamp; but there was no answer from Apsley. He had been shot through the head; and in groping about, terror-struck, in search of him, they stumbled over his corpse. The surgeon was in an instant on his knees beside him, with his instruments out, but in vain. It was all over with Apsley. That heartless villain was gone to his account. Beauchamp's bullet, chance shot as it was, had entered the right temple, passed through the brain, and lodged in the opposite temple. The only blood about him was a little which had trickled from the wound, down the cheek, on the shirt-collar.

'*Is he killed?*' groaned Beauchamp, bending over the body, and staring at it affrightedly; but before he could receive an answer from Sir Edward or Hillier, who, almost petrified, grasped each a hand of the dead body—he had swooned. The first words he heard on recovering his senses, were—'Fly! fly! fly!' Not comprehending their import, he languidly opened his eyes, and saw people, some standing round him, and others bearing away the dead body. Again he relapsed into unconsciousness—from which he was aroused by some one grasping him rather roughly by the shoulder. His eyes glanced on the head of a constable's staff, and he heard the words—'You're in my custody, sir.'

He started, and stared in the officer's face.

'There's a coach awaiting for you, sir, by the road-side, to take you to —— office.' Beauchamp offered no resistance. He whispered, merely—'Does my mother know?'

How he rode, or with whom, he knew not; but he found himself, about nine o'clock, alighting at the door of the Police Office, more dead than alive.

While Beauchamp had lain insensible on the ground the fog had completely vanished; and Sir Edward and Hillier, finding it dangerous to remain, as passengers from the road side could distinctly see the gloomy group made off, leaving Beauchamp and the surgeon with the corpse of Apsley. Sir Edward flew to his own house, accompanied by Hillier;—the latter hastily wrote a note to Apsley's brother, informing him of the event; and Sir Edward despatched his own valet confidentially to the valet of Beauchamp, communicating to him the dreadful situation of his master, and telling him to break it as he could to his friends. The valet instantly set off for the field of death, not, however, without apprising, by his terrified movements, his fellow-servants that something terrible had happened. He found a few people still standing on the fatal spot, from whom he learned that his master had been conveyed a few minutes before to the —— street Office—whither he repaired as fast as a hackney coach could carry him. When he arrived, an officer, was endeavouring to rouse Mr. Beauchamp from his stupor, by forcing on him a little brandy and water, in which he partly succeeded. Pale and breathless, the valet rushed through the crowd of officers and people about the door, and flung himself at his master's feet, wringing his hands, and crying—'Oh master!—dear master!—What have you done? You'll kill your mother!' Even the myrmidons of justice seemed affected at the poor fellow's anguish; but his unhappy master only stared at him vacantly, without speaking. When he was conducted into the presence of the magistrate, he was obliged to be supported with a chair; for he was overcome, not only by the horrible dilemma to which he had just brought himself, but his spirits and health were completely broken down, as well by his recent illness, as the wasting anxieties and agonies he had endured for months past. The brother of Apsley was present, raging like a madman; and he pressed the case vehemently against the prisoner. Bail was offered, but refused; and Beauchamp was eventually committed to Newgate, to take his trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions. Sir Edward Streighton and Hillier surrendered in the course of the day, but were liberated on their own heavy recognisances, and two sureties each in a thousand pounds, to appear and take their trial at the Old Bailey.

But what tongue can tell, what pen describe, the maddening horrors—the despair—of the mother and the betrothed bride? Not mine. Their sorrows shall shall be sacred for me.

——'For not to me belongs,
To sound the mighty sorrows of thy breast,
But rather far off stand, with head and heart
Hung down, in fearful sympathy. Thy Ark of grief
Let me not touch, presumptuous.'

To keep up, however, in some degree the *continuity* of this melancholy narrative, I shall state, merely, that I, who was called in to both mother and niece a few minutes after the news had smitten them like the stroke of lightning to the earth—wondered, was even confounded—to find either of them survive it, or retain a glimpse of reason. The conduct of Ellen Beauchamp ennobled her, in my estimation, into something above humanity. She succeeded, at length in overmastering her anguish and agitation, in order that she might minister to her afflicted aunt, in whose sorrow all consciousness or appreciation of her own seemed to have merged. For a whole week Mrs. Beauchamp hovered, so to speak, about the open door of death, held back, apparently, only by a sweet spirit of sympathy and consolation—her niece! The first words she distinctly articulated, after many hours spent in delirious muttering, were, 'I will see my son—I will see my son!' It was not judged safe to trust her alone without medical assistance for at least a fortnight.—Poor Pritchard, for several nights slept outside her bedroom door.

The first twenty-four hours of Beauchamp's incarceration in Newgate were horrible. He who, on such slight temptation, had beggared himself and squandered away in infamy the fortunes of his fathers; who had broken the hearts of his mother—his betrothed wife; who had MURDERED A MAN—was now ALONE!—alone, in the sullen gloom of a prison.

The transaction above detailed, made much noise in London; and disguised as it here is, in respect of names, dates, and places, there must be many who will recollect the *true facts*. There is ONE whose heart these will wither while he is reading!

Most of the journals, influenced by the vindictive misrepresentations of Apsley's brother, gave a most distorted version of the affair, and, presumptuously anticipating the decrees of justice, threw a gloomy hue over the prospects of the prisoner. He would certainly be convicted of *murder*, they said, executed, and dissected!—The judges were, or ought to be, resolved to put down duelling, and 'never was there a more fitting opportunity for making a solemn example,' &c. &c. &c. One of the papers gave dark hints, that on the day of trial some extraordinary and inculpating disclosure would be made concerning the events which led to the duel.

Mrs. Beauchamp made three attempts, during the third week of her son's imprisonment, to visit him, but, in each instance, fainted on being lifted into the carriage: and at length desisted, on my representing the danger which attended her attempts. Her niece also seemed more dead than alive when she accompanied her aunt. Pritchard, however, the faithful, attached Pritchard, often went to and fro between Newgate and the house where Mrs. Beauchamp lodged, two or three times a-day, so that they were thus enabled to keep up a constant but sorrowful correspondence. Several members of the family had hurried up to London the instant they received intelligence of the disastrous circumstances above detailed, and it was well they did. Had it not been for their affectionate interference the most lamentable consequences might have been anticipated to mother, niece, and son. I, also at Mrs. Beauchamp's pressing instance, called several times on her son, and found him, on each visit, sinking into deeper and deeper despondency; yet he seemed hardly sensible of the wretched reality and extent of his misery. Many a time when I entered his room—which was the most comfortable the governor could supply him—I found him seated at the table, with his head buried in his arms; and I was sometimes obliged to shake him, in order that I might rouse him from his lethargy. Even then he could seldom be drawn into conversation. When he spoke of his mother and cousin, it was with an apathy which affected me more than the most passionate lamentations.

I brought him one day a couple of white winter-roses from his mother and Ellen telling him they were sent as pledges of love and hope. He snatched them out of my hands, kissed them, and buried them in his bosom saying, 'Lie you *there*, emblems of innocence, and blanch this black heart of mine if you can!' I shall never forget the expression, nor the stern and gloomy manner with which it was uttered. I sate silent for some minutes.

'Doctor, Doctor,' said he hastily, placing his hands on his breast, 'they are—I feel they are thawing my frozen feelings!—they are softening my hard heart! Oh God, merciful God, I am becoming *human* again!' He looked at me with an eagerness and vivacity to which he had long been a stranger. He extended to me both his hands; I clasped them heartily, and he burst into tears. He wept loud and long.

'The light of eternal truth breaks in upon me! Oh my God, hast thou then not forgotten me?' He fell down on his knees, and continued, 'Why, what a wretch—what a monster have I been!' He started to his feet. 'Ah, ha! I've been in the lion's den, and am plucked out of it!' I saw that his heart was overburdened, and his head not yet cleared. I said therefore little, and let him go on by fits and starts.

'Why I've been all along in a dream! Henry Beauchamp! In Newgate! On a charge of *murder!*—Frightful!' He shuddered. 'And my mother—my blessed mother!—where—how is she? Her heart bleeds—but no—no—no, it is not broken—and *Ellen*—Ellen—Ellen'—After several short choking sobs, he burst again into a torrent of tears. I strove to soothe him, but 'he would not be comforted.' 'Doctor, say nothing to console me!—Don't don't or I shall go mad! Let me *feel* all my guilt: let it crush me!'

My time being expired, I rose and bade him adieu. He was in a musing mood, as if he were striving, with painful effort, to propose some subject to his thoughts—to keep some object before his mind—but could not. I promised to call again, between then and the day of his trial, which was but a week off.

The excruciating anxiety endured by these unhappy ladies Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece, as the day of trial approached—when the life or death of one whom both their souls were bound up, must be decided on—defies description. I never saw it equalled. To look on the settled pallor—the hollow haggard features—the quivering limbs of Mrs. Beauchamp—was heartbreaking. She seemed like one in the palsy. All the soothing, as well as strengthening medicines, which all my experience could suggest, were rendered unavailing to *such* a 'mind diseased,' to 'raze' *such* 'a written sorrow from the brain.' Ellen, too, was wasting by her side to a mere shadow. She had written letter after letter to her cousin, and the only answer she received was,—

'Cousin Ellen! How can you, how *dare* you, write to such a wretch as—Henry Beauchamp!'

These two lines almost broke the poor girl's heart. What was to become of her? Had she clung to her cousin through guilt and through blood, and did he now refuse to love her, or receive her proffered sympathy? She never wrote again to him, till her aunt implored nay, commanded her to write, for the purpose of inducing him to see them if they called. He refused. He was inflexible. Expostulation was useless. He turned out poor Pritchard, who had undertaken to plead their cause, with violence from his room. Whether he dreaded the effects of such an interview on the shattered nerves, the weakened frame, of his mother and cousin, or feared that his own fortitude would be overpowered, or debarred himself of their sweet but sorrowful society, by way of *penance*, I know not, but he returned an unwavering denial to every such application. I think the last mentioned was the motive which actuated him; for I said to him, on one occasion 'Well, but, Beauchamp, suppose your mother should *die* before you have seen her, and received her forgiveness?' He replied, sternly, 'Well, I shall have *deserved* it.' I could account for his feelings, without referring them to sullenness or obstinacy. His heart bled at every pore under the unceasing lashings of remorse! On another occasion' he said to me, 'It would *kill* my mother to see me here. She shall never die in a prison!'

The day previous to his trial I called on him pursuant to my promise. The room was full of counsel and attorneys; and numerous papers were lying on the table, which a clerk was beginning to gather up into a bag when I entered. They had been holding their final consultation; and left their client more disturbed than I had seen him for some days. The eminent counsel who had been retained spoke by no means encouragingly of the expected issue of the trial, and reiterated the determination to 'do the very uttermost on his behalf.' They repeated, also, that the prosecutor was following him up like a blood-hound; that he had got scent of some evidence against Beauchamp, in particular, which would *tell* terribly against him—and make out a case of 'malice prepense.'—And as if matters had not been already sufficiently gloomy, the attorney had learned, only that afternoon, that the case was to be tried by one of the judges who, it was rumoured, was resolved to make an example of the first duellist he could convict!

'I shall undoubtedly be sacrificed as my *fortune* has already,' said Beauchamp, with a little trepidation. 'Every thing seems against me. If I *should* be condemned to death—what is to become of my mother and Ellen?'

'I feel assured of your acquittal, Mr. Beauchamp,' said I, not knowing exactly *why*, if he had asked me.

'I am a little given to superstition, Doctor,' he replied—'and I feel a persuasion—an innate conviction—that the grand finishing stroke has yet to descend—my misery awaits the climax.'

'Why, what can you mean, my dear sir?—Nothing new has been elicited.'

'Doctor,' he replied, gloomily—'I'll tell you something. I feel I *ought* to die!'

'Why, Mr. Beauchamp?' I enquired, with surprise.

'Ought not he to die who is *at heart* a murderer?' he inquired.

'Assuredly.'

'Then I am such an one. I MEANT to kill Apsley. I prayed to God that I might. I would have shot breast to breast, but I would have killed him, and rid the earth of such a ruffian,' said Beauchamp rising, with much excitement, from his chair, and walking hurriedly to and fro. I shuddered to hear him make such an avowal, and continued silent. I felt my colour changed.

'Are you shocked, Doctor?' he enquired, pausing abruptly, and looking me full in the face. 'I repeat it,' clenching his fist—'I would have perished eternally to gratify my revenge. So would you,' he continued, 'if you had suffered as I have.' With the last words he elevated his voice to a high key, and his eye glanced on me like lightning, as he passed and repassed me.

'How can we expect the mercy we will not shew?' I enquired, mildly.

'Don't mistake me, Doctor,' he resumed, without answering my last question—'It is not death I dread disturbed as I appear, but only the *mode* of it. Death I covet, as a relief from life, which has grown hateful; but, great Heaven, to be HUNG like a dog!'

'Think of hereafter!' I exclaimed.

'Pshaw! I'm past thoughts of that. Why did not God keep me from the snares into which I have fallen?'

At that moment came a letter from Sir Edward Streighton. When he recognized the superscription, he threw it down on the table, exclaiming, 'There! This is the first I have heard from this accomplished scoundrel, since the day I killed Apsley.' He opened it, a scowl of fury and contempt on his brow, and read the following flippant and unfeeling letter:—

'*Dear Brother in the bonds of blood!*—My right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, and thine—Hillier, and thy unworthy E. S., intend duly to take our stand beside thee, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, in the dock of Old Baily, as per recognizances. Be not thou cast down, O my soul; but throw thou fear unto the dogs! There's never a jury in England will convict us, even though, as I hear, that bloody-minded old —— is to try us! We've got a fellow, (on reasonable terms, considering,) to swear he happened to be present, and that we put you up at 40 paces! And that he heard you tender an apology to Apsley! The sweet convenient rogue!!! What think you of that, dear Beau? Yours ever—but not on the gallows.

EWD. STREIGHTON.

P.S. I wish Apsley, by the way, poor devil! had had paid me a trifling hundred or two he owed me before going home. But he went in a hurry, 'tis true. Catch me ever putting up another man before asking him if he has any debts unprovided for!'

'There, there, Doctor!' exclaimed Beauchamp, flinging the letter on the floor, and stamping on it—'ought not I go out of the world, for allowing such a fellow as this to lead me the dance of ruin?'

I shook my head.

'Oh, did you but know the secret history of the last six months,' he continued, bitterly, 'the surpassing folly—the black ingratitude—the villanies of all kinds

with which it was stained, you would blush to sit in the same room with me! Would not it be so?'

'Come, come, Mr. Beauchamp, you are raving!' I replied, giving him my hand, while the tears half blinded me, for he looked the picture of contrition and hopelessness.

'Well then,' he continued, eyeing me steadfastly, 'I may do what I have often thought of. You have a kind considerate heart, and I will trust you. By way of the heaviest penance I could think of—but, alas, how unavailing! I have employed the last week in writing my short, but wretched history. Read it—and curse, as you go on, my folly, my madness, my villany! I've often laid down my pen, and wept aloud while writing it; and yet the confession has eased my heart. One thing, I think, you will see plainly—that all along I have been the victim of some deep diabolical conspiracy. Those two vile fellows who will stand beside me to-morrow in the dock, like evil spirits—and the monster I have killed—have been the main agents throughout. I'm sure something will, ere long, come to light, and shew you I am speaking the truth. Return it me,' he continued, taking a packet from his table drawer, sealed with black, 'in the event of my acquittal, that I may burn it; but, if I am to die, do what you will with it. Even if the world knew of it, it cannot hurt me in the grave, and it may save some from *Hazard and Rouge et Noir!* Horrible sounds!'

I received the packet in silence, prevailing him to act as he wished.

'How will my mother—how will Ellen—get over to-morrow? Heaven have them in its holy keeping! My own heart quails at to-morrow! I must breathe a pollluted atmosphere; I must stand on the precise spot which has been occupied by none but the vilest of my species; I shall have every eye in court fixed upon me—some with horror, others detestation, and some, *pity*—which is worse than either. I must stand between two that I can never look on as other than devils incarnate! My every gesture and action—every turn of my face—will be noted down and published all over the kingdom, with severe, possibly insulting comments. Good God! now am I to bear it all?'

'Have you prepared your defence, Mr. Beauchamp?' I enquired. He pointed laconically to several sheets of foolscap, full of scorings out, and said, with a sigh, 'I'm afraid it is labor lost, I can say little or nothing. I shall not *lie*, even for my life! I have yet to finish it.'

'Don't let me keep you from it.' 'May God bless you, my dear sir, and send you an acquittal to-morrow! What shall I say to your mother—to Miss Beauchamp, if I see them to-night?'

His eyes glistened with tears—he trembled—shook his head, and whispered, 'What can be said to them?'

I shook him fervently by the hand. As I was quitting the door, he beckoned me back.

'Doctor,' he whispered, in a shuddering tone, 'there is to be an *execution* to-morrow! Five men will be hanged within ten yards of me! I shall hear them in the night, putting up the—gallows!'

The memorable morning, for such it was, even to me, at length dawned. The whole day was rainy, cold, and foggy, as if the elements, even, had combined to depress hearts already prostrate. After swallowing a hasty breakfast, I set off for the Old Bailey, calling, for a few minutes, on Mrs. Beauchamp, as I had promised her. Poor old lady! She had not slept half an hour during the whole night; and when I entered the room, she was lying in bed, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes closed, listening to one of the church prayers, which her niece was reading her. I sat down in silence; and when the low tremulous voice of Miss Beauchamp had ceased, I shook her cold hand, and took my seat by her aunt. I pushed the curtain aside that I might see her distinctly. Her features looked ghastly. What savage work grief had wrought there!

'I don't think I shall live through this dreadful day,' said she—'I feel every thing dissolving within me! I am deadly sick every moment; my heart flutters as if it were in expiring agonies; and my limbs have little in them more than a corpse! Ellen, too, my sweet love!—*she* is as bad—and yet she conquers it, and attends me like an angel!'

'Be of good heart, my dear madam,' said I, 'matters are by no means desperate. This evening—I'll stake my life for it—you shall have your son in your arms!'

'Ha!'—quivered the old lady, clapping her hands, while a faint hysteric laugh broke from her colourless lips.

'Well, I must leave you—for I am going to hear the opening of the trial; I promised your son as much last night.'

'How was he?' faintly enquired Miss Beauchamp, who was sitting beside the fire, her face buried in her hands, and her elbows resting on her knees. The anguished eyes of her aunt also asked me the question, though her lips spoke not. I assured them that he was not in worse spirits than I had seen him, and that I left him preparing his defence.

'The Lord God of his fathers bless him, and deliver him!' moaned Mrs. Beauchamp. As, however, time passed, and I wished to look in on one or two patients in my way, I began to think of leaving—though I scarce knew how. I enjoined them to keep constantly by Mrs. Beauchamp a glass of brandy and water, with half a tea-spoonful of laudanum in it, that she or her niece might drink of it whenever they felt a sudden faintness come over them. For further security I had also stationed for the day, in her bedroom, a young medical friend, who might pay her constant attention. Arrangements had been made, I found, with the attorney, to report the progress of the trial every hour by four regular runners.

Shaking both the ladies affectionately by the hand, I set off. After seeing the patients I spoke of, I hurried on to the Old Bailey. It was striking ten by St. Sepulchre's clock when I reached that gloomy street. The rain was pouring down in drenching showers. I passed by the gallows, which they were taking down, and on which five men had been executed only two hours before. Horrid sight!—the whole of the street along the sessions' house was covered with straw, thoroughly soaked with wet; and my carriage wheels rolled along it noiselessly. I felt my colour leaving me, and my heart beating fast, as I descended, and entered the area before the court house, which was occupied with many anxious groups conversing together, heedless of the rain, and endeavoring to get admittance into the court. The street entrance was crowded; and it was such a silent, gloomy crowd, as I never before saw! I found the trial had commenced—so I made my way instantly to the counsels' benches. The court was crowded to suffocation; and among the spectators, I recognized several of the nobility. Three prisoners stood in the dock—all of gentlemanly appearance; and the strong startled light thrown on them from the mirror over-head, gave their anxious faces a ghastly hue. How vividly is that group, even at this distance of time, before my eyes!—on the right hand side stood Sir Edward Streighton—dressed in military style, with a black stock, and his blue frock coat, with velvet collar, buttoned up close to his neck. Both his hands rested on his walking-stick; and his head, bent a little aside, was attentively directed towards the counsel for the crown, who was stating the case to the jury. Hillier leaned against the left-hand side of the dock, his arms folded over his breast, and his stern features, clouded with anxiety, but evincing no agitation, were gathered into a frown, as he listened to the strong terms in which his conduct was being described by the counsel. Between these stood poor Beauchamp—with fixed and most sorrowful countenance. He was dressed in black with a full black stock, in the centre of which glistened a dazzling speck of diamond. Both his hands leaned upon the dock, on which stood a glass of spring-water; and his face was turned full towards the judge. There was an air of melancholy composure and resignation about his wasted features, and he looked dreadfully thin and fallen away. His appearance evidently excited deep and respectful sympathy. How my heart ached to look at him, when my thoughts reverted for an instant to his mother and cousin! There was, however, one other object of the gloomy picture, which arrested my attention, and has remained with me ever since. Just beneath the witness-box, there was a savage face fixed upon the counsel, gloating upon his exaggerated violence of tone and manner. It was Mr. Frederick Apsley, the relentless prosecutor. I never saw such an impersonation of malignity. On his knees lay his fists, clenched, and quivering with irrepressible fury; and the glances he occasionally cast towards the prisoner were absolutely fiendish.

The counsel for the prosecution distorted and aggravated every occurrence on the fatal night of the quarrel. Hillier and Apsley, as he went on, exchanged confounded looks, and muttered between their teeth;—but Beauchamp seemed unmoved—even when the counsel seriously asserted he should be in a condition to prove—that Beauchamp came to the house of the deceased with the avowed intention of provoking him into a duel; that he had been attempting foul play throughout the evening; and that the cause of his inveteracy against the deceased was the deceased's having won considerably.

'Did this quarrel originate, then, in a gaming-house?' enquired the judge, sternly.

'Why—yes, my lord—it did, undoubtedly.'

'Pray, are the parties *professed* gamblers?'

The counsel hesitated. 'I do not exactly know what your lordship means by *professed* gamblers, my lord.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the judge significantly, 'go on—go on, sir.' I felt shocked at the virulence manifested by the counsel; and I could not help suspecting him of uttering the grossest falsehoods, when I saw all three of the prisoners involuntarily turn towards one another, and lift up their hands with amazement. As his address seemed likely to continue much longer, profound as was the interest I felt in the proceedings, I was compelled to leave. I stood up for that purpose, and to take a last look at Beauchamp—when his eye suddenly fell upon me. He started—his lips moved—he looked at me anxiously—gave me a hurried bow, and resumed the attentive attitude in which he had been standing.

I hurried away to see my patients, several of whom were in most critical circumstances. Having gone through most on my list, and being in the neighbourhood, I stepped in to see how Mrs. Beauchamp was going on. When I entered her bed-room, after gently tapping at the door, I heard a hurried feeble voice exclaim, 'There! there! who is that?' It was Mrs. Beauchamp, who endeavoured, but in vain, to raise herself up in bed, while her eyes stared at me with the expression of wild alarm, which abated a little, on seeing who I was. She had mistaken me, I found, for the hourly messenger. I sat down beside her. Several of her female relatives were in the room—a pallid group—having arrived soon after I had left.

'Well, my dear madam, and how are you now?' I enquired, taking the aged sufferer's hand in mine.

'I may be better, Doctor—but cannot be worse. Nature tells me, the hour is come!'

'I am happy to see you so well—so affectionately attended in these trying circumstances,' said I, looking around the room. She made me no reply—but moaned—'Oh! Henry, Henry, Henry!—I would to God you had never been born!—Why are you thus breaking the heart that always loved you so fondly!' She shook her head, and the tears trembled through her closed eyelids. Miss Beauchamp, dressed in black, sat at the foot of the bed, speechless, her head leaning against the bed-post, and her pale face directed towards her aunt.

'How are you, my dear Miss Beauchamp?' enquired I. She made me no answer, but continued looking at her aunt.

'My sweet love!' said her mother, drawing her chair to her, and proffering her a little wine and water. 'Doctor —— is speaking to you. He asks you how you are?' Miss Beauchamp looked at me, and pressed her white hand upon her heart, without speaking. Her mother looked at me significantly, as if she begged I would not ask her daughter any more questions, for it was evident she could not bear them. I saw several slips of paper lying on a vacant chair beside the bed. They were the hourly billets from the Old Bailey. One of them was,—'12 *o'clock, O. B.* Not quite so encouraging. Our counsel can't make much impression in examination. Judge seems rather turning against prisoner.'

'1 *o'clock, O. B.* Nothing particular since last note. Prisoner very calm and firm.'

'2 *o'clock, O. B.* Still going on as in last.'

'3 *o'clock, O. B.* Mr. Beauchamp just read his defence. Made favourable impression on the court—Many in tears.—Acknowledged himself ruined by play. General impression, prisoner victim of conspiracy.'

Such were the hourly annunciations of the progress of the trial, forwarded by the attorneys in whose handwriting each of them was. The palsying suspense in which the intervals between the receipt of each was passed, and the trepidation with which they were opened and read, no one during scarce to touch them but Mr. ——, the medical attendant, cannot be described. Mr. M—— informed me that Mrs. Beauchamp had been wandering delirously, more or less, all day, and that the slightest noise in the street, like hurrying footsteps, spread dismay through the room and nearly drove the two principal sufferers frantic. Miss Beauchamp, I found, had been twice in terrible hysterics, but, with marvellous self possession, calmly left the room when she felt them coming on, and retired to the farthest part of the house. While Mr. M—— and I were conversing in a low whisper near the fire-place, a heavy, but muffled knock at the street-door, announced the arrival of another express from the Old Bailey. Mrs. Beauchamp trembled violently, and the very bed quivered under her, as she saw the billet delivered into my hands. I opened it, and read aloud,—

'4 *o'clock, O. B.* Judge summing up. Sorry to say, a little unfavourable to prisoner. Don't *think*, however, prisoner will be capitally convicted.' Within this slip was another, which was from Beauchamp himself, and addressed,—

'Sweet loves! Courage! The crisis approaches. I am not in despair. God is merciful! May he bless you for ever and ever, my mother, my Ellen!—H. B.'

The gloomy tenor of the last billet—for we could not conceal them from either, as they insisted on seeing them after we had read them—excited Mrs. and Miss Beauchamp almost to frenzy. It was heart-rending to see them both shaking in every muscle, and uttering the most piteous moans. I resolved not to quit them till the event was known one way or another, and dismissed Mr. M——, begging him to return home with the carriage, and inform my wife that I should not dine at home. I then begged that some refreshment might be brought in, ostensibly for my dinner, but really to give me an opportunity of forcing a little nourishment on my patients. My meal, however, was scanty and solitary; for I could scarcely eat myself, and could not induce any one else to touch food.

'This must be a day of *fasting!*' sighed Mrs. Beauchamp; and I desisted from the attempt.

'Mrs. Beauchamp,' enquired her sister-in-law, 'would you like to hear a chapter in the Bible read to you?'

'Y—ye—yes!' she replied, eagerly, 'Let it be the parable of the *prodigal son;* and perhaps Doctor —— will read it to us?'

What an affecting selection!—Thinking it might serve to occupy their minds for a short time, I commenced reading it, but not very steadily or firmly. The relieving tears gushed forth from Mrs. Beauchamp, and every one in the room, as I went on with that most touching, beautiful, and appropriate parable. When I had concluded, and amidst a pause of silent expectation, another billet was brought.

'5 *o'clock, O. B.* Judge still summoning up with great pains. Symptoms of leaning towards the prisoner.'

Another agitating hour elapsed—how, I scarcely know; and a breathless messenger brought a sixth billet:—

'6 *o'clock, O. B.* Jury retired to consider verdict—been absent half an hour. Rumoured in court that two hold out against the rest—not known on which side.'

After the reading of this torturing note, which Mrs. Beauchamp did not ask to see, she lifted up her shaking hands to Heaven, and seemed lost in an agony of prayer. After a few minutes spent in this way, she gasped, almost inaudably,—"Oh! Doctor, read once more the parable you have read, beginning at the twentieth verse." I took the Bible in my hands, and tremulously read,—

'And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion,"—(a short, bitter, hysteric laugh broke from Mrs. Beauchamp,)—'and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

* * * 'And bring hither the fatted calf, and be merry:

'For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found; and they began ——'

The death-like silence in which my trembling voice was listened to, was broken by the sound of a slight bustle in the street beneath, and the noise of some approaching vehicle. We scarce breathed. The sound increased. Miss Beauchamp slowly dropped on her knees beside the bed, and buried her ashy face in the clothes. The noise outside increased; voices were heard; and at length a short faint 'huzza!' was audible.

'There!—I told you you so! He is free!—My son is ACQUITTED!' exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, sitting in an instant upright in bed, stretching out her arms upon it and clapping her hands in ecstacy. Her features were lit up with a glorious smile. She pushed back her dishevelled grey hair, and sate straining her eye and ear, and stretching forward her hands, as if to enjoin silence.

Then was heard the sound of footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs; the door was knocked at; and before I could reach it for the purpose of preventing any sudden surprise, in rushed the old steward, frantic with joy, waving his hat over his head.

'NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY, my lady!' he gasped, all in a breath, in defiance of my cautioning movements. 'He's coming! 'He's coming! He's coming, my lady!' Miss Beauchamp sunk in an instant on the floor, with a faint scream, and was carried out of the room in a swoon.

Mrs. Beauchamp again clapped her hands. Her son rushed into the room, flung himself at her feet, and threw his arms around her. For several moments he locked her in his embraces, kissing her with convulsive fondness. 'My mother! My own mother!—Your son!' he gasped; but she heard him not. She had expired in his arms. (*To be continued.*)

THE BAD SPECULATION.

She is up and away,
And her smile is gay,
And she gathers May garlands while she may,
And her steps are light;
She moves par hazard,
In the round gallopade,
As fair as a rose on the summer greensward,
And her eyes are bright;
But her heart par hazard,
May be thrown off its guard
By the handsome young fellow who presses her hard
To resign it to-night.

His figure is fine,
But she knows by a sign,
That her mother means something she cannot divine
Or why *should* she look sore.
Now the music has ceased,
And her hand is released,
She flies to mamma—"Oh my love—I at least
Should have told you before,
To beware of his tricks,
He's the youngest of six;—
On his son the old Earl has no fortune to fix,
And you'd better *not dance any more!*

Bayley.

Interesting Experiment. Mr. BADGER gave a very satisfactory exhibition, of burning Anthracite Coal, in Bowdoin Square, this evening. He ignited and caused to burn briskly about three pecks of Lackawana Coal, in an iron cage suspended in the open air. The cage containing the coal exhibited a solid body of fire. It shows very clear, that this coal does not require a great draft to it—and with the aid of a well constructed grate (different from any now in use) it may be made to throw out a greater quantity of heat, than can be derived by the present mode of burning it. Our churches may be warmed by a suspended grate, with a conductor to carry off the gas—at a trifling expense, and made perfectly comfortable. *Boston Eve. Gaz.*

Ice is now said to be a remedy for the Cholera Morbus.

The news was communicated at the Exchange Hall, at Hamburgh, in the following handbill.—

"Long live the physicians of Vienna!"

"The Plague of the Cholera, has been stayed at Vienna. By using a spare diet and applying the remedy recommended, people will recover, unless their consitution should have been previously broken down already. ICE, *given in small doses has done wonders.* A spare diet is now the order of the day, at Vienna, where the grandees, accustomed to a dinner of thirty courses, are now satisfied with three, and eat no supper,—a miracle which nothing but the Cholera could have brought about."

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 28th ult. Jonathan F. Morgan, of Rahway, to Mrs. Elmira Naylor.

On the 29th, Henry S. Ripley, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of David Sammis.

On the 1st inst. Wm. J. Romer, to Miss Laurinda, daughter of the late Joseph Lyons.

On the 4th, Richard A. W. Fisher, to Miss Harriet A. Hewlett.

On the 29th, Mr. Elias Heerwagen, to Miss Ann, daughter of Nicholas Rosse.

At Suckasunny, N. J. Zenas Hurd, of Spartan, to Miss Amanda Malvina, daughter of Col. Wm. Patterson, formerly of this city.

At Paramus, N.J. James Charles Edgecombe, of Caldwell, to Miss Sarah Jane Watson, of Paramus.

At Providence, Perry J. Chase, to Miss Rachel S. Peck.

At Portland, Joseph B Leach, to Miss Lucy L. Alden.—Joel Paine, to Miss Eveline Humphrey.—David Andrews, to Miss Nancy Billings.—Charles Jones, to Miss Nancy Griffith.—David S. Adams, to Miss Olive S Jackson.—Greene A Longfellow, to Miss Velina Allen.

At Prospect, Mr. James G. Stinson, to Miss Lucinda Mudget.

At Unity, Mr. Ira Buck, to Miss Mary Nash.

At Sandbornton, N.H. Parkins Moulton, to Miss Betsy Sanborn.—Joshua Clark, to Miss Syrena Palmer.—Warren Sanborn, to Miss Anna Lodges.—Alpheus C Philbrook, to Miss Eliza Moore.

At Portsmouth, Thos. Pickernell, to Miss Lydia Amazeen.—Dr. Amos G. Gale, to Miss Mary G. daughter of R. H. Ayer, Esq.

At Livermore, Maine, Abel Munroe, 65, to Miss S. Hinds, 30; courtship one hour.

At Lowell, Miss C. F. Wakefield, to Mr. A. M. Henderson, of Newburyport.

DIED,

In this city, on the 3d, Isaac Harrison, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 3d, Mrs. Hannah Browne, 63, widow of the late Samuel Browne.

On the 3d, Mrs. Rhoda S. Barney, wife of Captain J. W. Barney.

On the 4th, Mary Taylor, 42.

On the 4th, Geo. Chavell, 61.

On the 7th, John, son of Thomas Owen, aged 2 years.

On the 2d, Mrs. Phebe Amelia, 21, wife of Isaac F. Kirby, and daughter of Hector Craig, Esq.

On the 4th, Wm. Bailie, late merchant.

On the 3d, Philip H. Livingston, 62.

On the 2d, John Gray, 65, formerly of Utica.

On the 30th, Henry Hunt, 33.

On the 5th, David F. Cisco, 28.

On the 4th, Capt. Charles W. Noyes, 48.

At Schaghticoke, Rensselaer county, Jacob Yates, Esq. 77, an officer of the revolution.

At Salem, John Derby, Esq. 65.

At New Gloucester, Me. Deacon Silvanus Cobb, 85.

At Mendon, Mass. Hon. Seth Hastings, formerly a member of Congress from Hastings.

At West Hartford, Col. Moses Goodman, 59.

At East Haddam, Mr. Wilson Taylor, 41.

At Brunswick, Me. John Owen, Esq. 62.

At Waterville, Asa Soule, Esq. 60.

At Windsor, Mass. Deacon Elijah Mills.

At London, Nathaniel Coffin, Esq. 83, brother of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin.

The new Cement for filling Hollow and Carious Teeth.

THE many inconveniences that have hitherto attended filling up the cavities of hollow and decayed teeth, prevented until now dentistry from arriving at such a degree of perfection as medical men have anxiously d ffusd,—the subscriber flatters himself that the following new Cement will be found to remove all the inconveniences, that have been hitherto felt by those who suffer from hollow or carious teeth.

This paste is soft, may be applied by any one without professional assistance, causes no pain whatever, and does not in the least affect the nerve of the tooth; nor is it so expensive as any of the methods generally used by those who have been afflicted with this very common and painful complaint. Just imported, and offered for sale by Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

dec.10. 377 Broadway.

WASHINGTON INSTITUTE.—This establishment, originally founded by Mr. *George W. Hall*, is now under the sole direction of the subscriber, by whom it has been conducted for more than two years past. It is situated in Thirteenth-street, near the Third Avenue, two miles from the City Hall.

The site is elevated and agreeable, and combines the advantages of proximity to the city, with the pure air and healthfulness of the country. The domestic arrangements and modes of instruction, are adapted to pupils of an early age; and are, at the same time, so extensive as to afford to youth every facility for becoming properly qualified for professional or commercial pursuits. Able and experienced teachers are provided in the several departments, who, with the Principal and his family, constantly and familiarly associate with the pupils:—and the system of instruction comprehends the most valuable modern improvements in education. JOSEPH D. WICKHAM.

, Parents and Guardians who may not have the opportunity of making direct enquiry in relation to the establishment, may acquire all desirable information by communicating with Messrs. John G. Coster, Jonathan Goodhue, Samuel Whittemore, F. De Peyster, George Douglass, Lockwood Deforest, George P. Shipman, or others, whose sons are members of the Institute.

New York, June, 1831.

NEW YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS, established in 1828, for the publication and sale of Religious Books, Tracts, &c. for the use of Protestant Episcopalians.

Stock Publications.—Bibles, of all sizes; Testaments, Prayer Books, of all sizes and bindings; Episcopal Tracts, and Sunday School Books, (of instruction and for libraries;) and a variety of Episcopal Devotional Books; The Churchman's Almanac for 1832, just published, adorned with a cut of the Gen. Theological Seminary, at New York—$4 per 100.

Miscellaneous Publications.—Life of Bishop Heber, in 2v. 8vo. with a portrait; Works of Bishop Ravenscroft, late Diocesan of N. Carolina, 2 vols. 8vo., with a portrait and memoir; Works on Episcopacy, (Bowden, Cooke, &c.) 2 vols. 12mo. A Practical Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in the form of brief lectures, by Bishop J. B. Sumner, of Chester, Eng. 108 pages 12mo. price 68 cents. In press, Bishop Jebb's Protestant Kempis; and The Communicant's Companion.

Periodical Publications.—A series of standard English and American Works in Divinity 12mo. 4 vols. annually, at $3 per annum in advance; The Churchman, (religious newspaper) folio weekly, $4 per annum in advance—Rev. W. R. Whittingham and Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Editors; The Family Visiter & Sunday-School Magazine, (religious newspaper) cap. 4to. weekly, $1 per annum, edited by the same; The Children's Magazine, (religious) with plates and cover, 24 pages 18mo. monthly, at 25 cents per annum—edited by the same.

The Bishop of New York, ex-officio President of the Board of Trustees; Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Agent.—Depository No. [illegible] street. June 1.

PREMIUM PAPERS.

THE subscriber has been awarded the first Premium Silver Medals at the recent Fairs in New York and Philadelphia, held under the auspices of the American and Franklin Institutes of said cities, for his superior and elegant Satin, White, Tinted, Embossed, Gilt, and Perfumed Letter, Note, and other Papers. To those who have seen them on the late occasions, here and at Philadelphia, no comment is deemed necessary; but as there are thousands in both cities who could not gain admittance, owing to crowded rooms, they can now be accommodated by calling at his Paper Wareroom, 45 John street, New York. The writing papers of his manufactory may be known from others, as the maker's name is stamped on or in each sheet. It is hoped that after four years' successful competition, with first premium each year for the said and a variety of other Papers, the public will be satisfied of their merits.

R. DONALDSON, 45 John street.

N. B. Printing, Stainers', wrapping Papers; Book, Trunk and Bandbox Boards, made at his Factory and for sale as above.

Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania.

The Committee of Premiums and Exhibitions wish to make the following additions and corrections to their report of the late Exhibition, published in the National Gazette of 31st ult. It was there stated that the premium on Post or Letter Paper was not strictly due; from the additional observations of the Judges on Stationary, which they hereto annex, they are pleased to have it in their power to add the following words:—Premium No. 19 is due to Robt. Donaldson of N. York, for Specimen No. —, being 10 reams, (part of 100 manufactured) of the best white vel. quarto Letter Paper,) which the Judges report to be the best presented at this Exhibition, and better than any they recollect ever seeing at any of the preceding Exhibitions, and fully entitled to the premium. Philadelphia, Nov. 11th, 1831.

By order of the Committee of Premiums and Exhibitions. WM. A. KEATING, Chairman.

Second Report of the Judges on Stationary.

The undersigned, members of the Committee of Judges on books, papers, stationary, &c. presented at the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute, would represent to the committee on Premiums and Exhibitions, that they believe some mistake or misunderstanding has taken place in relation to the relative merits of papers presented by Mr. Donaldson, and by the Brandywine Manufacturing Company. They wish to be understood as stating that Mr. Donaldson's Quarto Letter Paper was the best paper presented at the exhibition, that it was better than any they recollect ever seeing at the preceding exhibitions, and that as it came fully within the conditions proposed by the Institute, they believe that Mr. Donaldson is fairly entitled to the Silver Medal.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1831. P. A. BROWNE,
WM. HYDE,
dec 10 S.M. STEWART.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL—76 *Varick Street.*

REV. JOHN W. CURTIS, A. M. Principal.—The following course of study adopted at this Institution, is intended to comprise a thorough knowledge of the the Latin and Greek Classics, the Mathematics, both pure and mixed; Polite Literature, and the ordinary English branches:

Latin and Greek Classics	Rhetoric and Belles Lettres
Geometry and Algebra	Composition and Elocution
Trigonometry and Conic Sections	Geography and Chronology
Mensuration and Surveying	History and Mythology
Navigation	English Grammar
Natural Philosophy	Arithmetic
Moral Philosophy	Bookkeeping
Evidences of Christianity	Reading and Writing.

TERMS.

For classical scholars, including all the above branches, per quarter, $10

English scholars, 6

Instruction will be provided in the modern languages, and the French department is under the care of an experienced teacher, a native of France, at 5

The English department, including those branches especially necessary for the counting room, is under the charge of a gentleman whose personal experience in business renders him in the highest degree competent to impart efficient instruction.

The Institution being endowed, the Principal can with confidence direct the attention of the public to the reasonableness of its charges, when compared with its advantages. It is under the care and supervision of the following gentlemen, composing the BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

Rt. Rev. B. T. ONDERDONK, D.D. President.
HUBERT VAN WAGENEN, Vice President.

Rev. Wm. Berrian, D.D.	Rev. John McVickar, D.D.
J M Wainwright, D.D.	Henry Rogers
James Milnor, D.D.	Duncan P. Campbell
Thomas Lyell, D.D.	John Stearns, M.D.
Wm. Creighton, D.D.	Thomas L. Ogden
Jno. F. Schroeder	William Johnson
Thos. Brientnall	Murray Hoffman
Lewis P. Bayard	David Hadden
W. R. Whittingham	Henry Laight.

The institution occupies the front of a large and commodious building in Varick street, and is entirely distinct from the public schools which have entrance upon the adjoining streets. The pupils have the advantage of a play ground and gymnasium which have no communication with the streets; and may thus enjoy that recreation which is necessary to health, without exposure, and under the eye of their teachers. The year is divided into four terms of three months each, commencing the 1st Sept. and terminating the 31st of July. Application may be made to the principal at the Institution between the hours of 3 and 4, daily. dec.10

The Genuine German Purifying Pills.

THESE Pills privileged by Austrian Authority, are used in Germany since a whole century, for the best ingredients to purify the blood and they are likewise kept in high sanction in the state of Pensylvania. The subscriber assures his countrymen and the public, that he keeps this article in its genuine state, and offers it for sale at his Drug and Chemical Store, No. 377 Broadway. DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER.

CARRIAGES.

THE subscriber has on hand and is constantly receiving from the best manufacturers an elegant assortment of every description of Carriages, which he will sell on as reasonable terms as any other establishment in the city. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Spokes and ash and oak Felloes of a superior quality for sale low. JOHN THOMPSON,

dec.10. Corner Grand and Wooster streets.

SQUILLS LOZENGES.

THESE Lozenges are a full and competent substitute for syrup of squills, which is now so much in use for the prevailing cough among children, who are generally so difficult to take any medicine; they are therefore highly to be recommended for colds, coughs, and in all cases where an expectoration is required. Prepared and for sale at the Drug and Chemical Store of Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

SYLVESTER 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Extra Class No. 35 for 1831, drawn Dec. 7.—60 19 8 52 11 28 49 51 10.

Still successful—the highest prizes sold by Sylvester

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Dec. 14—Reg Class 12, $40,000, 20,000, 10,000—66 numbers, 10 drawn $10

Dec. 21—Extra 36, $20,000, 10,000 .... $5

Dec. 28—Extra 37, 3 of $10,000 .... $5

From the fact of my always selling the $10,000 prizes, this scheme is called Sylvester's Lottery.

Jan. 11—Reg. Class 13, $30,000, 10,000, 4,000—48 numbers, 7 drawn $10

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current" (published every Wednesday,) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N York.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. *Dec.* 10.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Picton Coals of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard in Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1 5th ton); Picton Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Picton Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catharine and Madison-streets; Walter 31 Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, and the Rev. T. BARTHOLOMEW'S ELIXIR OF LIFE, sold wholesale and retail at their Manufactory, No. 254 Canal street, corner of Washington street.—Also at Dr. Comstock's, No. 20 Fulton street and 56 Division street, he being sole agent in America.

The virtues of the Balm of Columbia have been long established, and is well known to be the only article discovered in the world which can restore *Hair* on Bald places; it will at any age prevent its decline, and powerfully improves the growth even in advanced age: also it prevents the Hair from turning grey, makes it look bright and glossy, and in a few applications frees it from scurf, and causes it, if inclined to curl, to curl most beautifully. It cures nervous head aches. Its excellencies are celebrated through this vast continent, the West and East Indies, China, &c; it also has found its way through various parts of Europe, particularly in Great Britain, Ireland and Hamburg, &c. &c.

Certificates of its efficacy from the most respectable citizens may be seen at all places where the Balm is sold.

Price 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1 per bottle.

THE REV. T. BARTHOLOMEW'S (M. D.)

ELIXIR OF LIFE.

For the Cure of Agues, and every kind of Fevers.

When taken inwardly, cures inflammation of the Eyes, and, though it may appear incredible, yet it absolutely has, and will cure the following complaints:

Abscesses,	Indigestion,
Bile,	Inward Bleeding,
Blood it cleanseth,	Inflammation of the lungs,
Cures the Body Flux,	Inward Weakness,
Cholera Morbus,	Liver Complaints,
Consumptions,	Nervous Affections,
Coughs,	Palpitations of the Heart,
Croup,	Piles, inward and outward,
Diabetes,	Rheumatism,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Spitting Blood always cure
Dyspepsia,	Tetters of the worst kinds,
Fistula,	Vertigo,
Gravel and Stone,	Whooping Coughs,
Heart Burn,	Worms.

Yellow Fever it has cured in nineteen hours, so that the patient could walk out the next day.

Testimonials can be given to the above cures.

Price $1 per bottle.

DR. COOPER'S WONDERFUL PILLS,

Which cure Spasmodic Affections, viz: Cramps, Epileptic Fits, &c. &c. Price 50 cents per box.

References can be given where perfect cures have been wrought by the Pills.

The above articles are sold wholesale and retail by

DR. LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,

Sole Agent in America,

Who offers for sale a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c. on the most liberal terms, at No. 20 Fulton, and 56 Division street, New York.

Dentists Instrumente.

FOR Dentists and private use, just imported, a full assortment of very neat sets of Dentists Instruments, answering all purposes for cleansing, filling and preserving the teeth. For sale at the Drug and Chemical Store of

DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by Wm. Beastall, 148 Fulton st. N. York, the Old Colony Collection of Sacred Music, consisting of anthems, solos, choruses, duetts, &c. selected from the works of the most celebrated authors, and arranged for the organ and piano forte, by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, 3d edition improved, for sale by WM. BEASTALL,

Nov.26.c 148 Fulton st. N.Y.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

THE Vegetable Pectoral Elixir is one of the best medicines known at the present time for the cure of colds, coughs, diseases of the lungs, pain in the breast, &c. Sold by the proprietor's agent, N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.

dec.3. 38 Cedar, corner of William-st.

FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED INDIAN SPECIFIC,

FOR Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, &c. For sale by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,

dec.3. Druggist, corner Pearl and Rose sts.

WORM SUGAR PLUMS

AN efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale and retail by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,

Nov.26.c 38 Cedar, c. of William-st.

BRUSH MANUFACTORY.

ABRAHAM & JOHN PECKHAM, No. 280 Greenwich Street, offer for sale a general assortment of Brushes on reasonable terms. March12.

CHAIR BEDSTEAD.

WILLIAMS WOOLLEY has for some time past applied himself to the production of a Bedstead which shall apply to all the purposes and conveniences of the sick and infirm in the best possible manner and with the least cost. This he has accomplished, and now offers the result to the public. Several eminent surgeons and physicians of this city have examined this Bedstead, and their certificate of approbation is given below, in which a description is contained. These Bedsteads may be had at his Bedstead Warehouse, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New York, where the public generally, and the medical profession in particular, are invited to call and examine them. The present prices are from 16 to 20 dollars, including a good hair mattress.

CERTIFICATE.—*New York, February*, 1831.—The undersigned having examined a bedstead, intended for the benefit of the sick, constructed by Williams Woolley, cannot but express their gratification at the invention, and their opinion that it is the best calculated for the comfort and convenience of the sick of any they have ever examined, being capable of being converted from a bedstead into a chair, and again restored to the state of a bedstead without incommoding the patient. From its simplicity, cheapness and facility in use, they consider it as well calculated both for hospitals and families:

Valentine Mott, M. D.	John Baxter, M. D.
D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D.	John C. Cheesman, M. D.
David L. Rogers, M. D.	Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D.
Peter C. Tappan, M. D.	F. U. Johnston, M. D.
William M. Ireland, M. D.	David Hosack, M. D.

PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.—Williams Woolley's newly invented and improved bedsteads, adapted to the situation and means of all classes, manufactured and sold by the proprietor, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New-York. His Secret Bedstead, adapted to, and enclosed within various kinds of furniture, such as sideboards, tables, book-cases, writing desks, bureaus, sofas, settees, &c. as well as store counters, will be furnished to order, at different prices—from 15 to 75 dollars, according to the style of workmanship and materials used; all which he will warrant free from the inconvenience attached to the press bedsteads heretofore in use, in that they are readily and expeditiously arranged for either purpose and no ways liable to bugs, as is fully attested by all those who have them in use.

W. W. has also applied his improvement in tightening the sacking, to the common post bedsteads, which render them decidedly superior to any that have been made. Of these he has constantly on hand a large assortment, and can supply orders for either the high-post, field, French, or low-post kind, of various materials and workmanship, and at different prices—from 5 to 35 dollars.

Also, an improved Cot Bedstead, very suitable for public houses—price 4 to 6 dollars.

SOFA BEDSTEADS.—Of this article he has a variety, viz: full finished Parlor Sofa Bedsteads, from 50 to 80 dollars; Settees, &c. suitable for dining rooms, nurseries, stores, Steamboats, &c., from 15 to 40 dollars. These articles (Sofa Bedsteads) the committee of Cabinet Makers at the late fair in New-York, have especially recommended as being constructed on the best principle, and on an excellent plan. They included, also, his Counter and Sideboard Bedsteads, and likewise his ordinary four Post Bedsteads, all of which are first rate premium articles.

All orders for any of the above articles will be immediately attended to. WILLIAMS WOOLLEY.

FASHIONABLE

CAP MANUFACTORY,

No. 105 William-st. three doors from Nassau-st.

L. MORANGE & DAVIS, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have established a Cap Manufactory, and will always keep on hand a large assortment of the following articles, of different patterns and the latest fashions.

Patent Leather, Oil Silk, Cloth, Morocco, and Linen; Caps for Gentlemen and Boys; Cloth Caps for the Officers of the Navy, also, the regular established Caps for the Officers of the Army. Gentlemen's Fur Caps of every description. Ladies, Misses, and Children's Seal, Genet, Fur, Swansdown, and Chinchilla Caps. Also, a general assortment of Japanned Leather, figured, plain hair, and Silk Stocks.

A general assortment of the above articles for sale, wholesale and retail, on accommodating terms. May 28